

NEW STATESMAN

Michael Hope

Taken Over by Slater Walker

Wilfred Beckerman: Bad Medicine for the Economy

University Forum: Essex - the Deliberate Mistake?

Spotlight: Shirley Risks Her Shirt

Neal Ascherson on Revolutionary Jews

James Fenton on Britannia Bright

NOV 22 1976

LIBRARY

I, Claudius in Peking

The People's Republic of China is the only country of any importance where the memory of Joseph Stalin is still officially revered. This makes it fairly unsurprising that even its leading cadres sometimes fall victim to the careful planning, or even the caprice, of rival power factions. The four 'radicals' now in restriction would appear less remarkable than they do if the slightly dubious widow of the late Chairman was not among their number. The latest move does not represent a volte-face on the same scale as the discrediting of Liu Shiao-chi, the denunciation of Teng Hsiao-ping or the disappearance (and probable murder) of Lin Piao - all of which left our own Sinologists baffled and breathless. They have been able to achieve unanimity on one point at any rate. Unless the next few days produce some sudden counterstroke, Hua Kuo-feng is now in control of the Government, the Communist Party and the armed forces. 'The masses', so often a feature of Chinese propaganda, have played no part at all in any of these decisions, or the intensive discussions that must have preceded and accompanied them.

The shorthand of 'left-wing' now being applied to the detainees is confusing at best. As hard-line supporters of orthodox Maoism, they have welcomed the general policy of rapprochement with the United States and even the specific pandering to the lonely and unpalatable figure of Richard Nixon. Although occasionally given licence to rebel, as during the Cultural Revolution, they have always relied on contacts with high authority in the security and propaganda apparatus. Their opponents and their families were hunted down, just as their own friends and relations are now being tidied away. Dynastic intrigues on the Roman model have a way of coming full circle, and taking revenge on their originators.

In the spring of this year, immediately after the death of Chou En-lai, there were the first indications of genuine popular concern and dissent in China since the ill-fated 'Hundred Flowers' campaign of the Fifties. After a bureaucratic decision had callously removed the pile of wreaths

laid in Chou's honour, the Square of Heavenly Peace became the scene of many large and angry demonstrations. They were broken up with difficulty, and the 'ringleaders' severely dealt with by all reports. But for a brief moment, intelligent observers could notice an authentic reaction against dogma and coercion, against a system where the population is expected only to applaud or to mourn, and to do both at command. If the new pragmatists of the Central Committee saw their chance at any particular moment, it was probably then. We have not heard the last of the Chinese citizens who wish to be able to express their own opinion about political matters.

It is commonplace to speak about the 'paradox' of the Chinese Revolution. In reality, the paradox is a very severe one. Mao's revolution did more than liberate China from the predatory European and Japanese empires, and her people from the grip of feudalism and the warlords. It also directed itself at the fatalism of the Chinese mentality, and at the submissiveness of Chinese tradition. At enormous cost, the revolution has created a people free from the absolute tyranny of want; literate and educated for the most part and intensively politicised even if only from above. Yet this volatile society has been encased in a highly conformist and nationalist shell, sustained by the possibility of conflict with the two bullying and arrogant superpowers.

In the erratic terms of Chinese foreign policy, Hua may sound for a limited détente with the Soviet Union. In the unpredictable terms of internal affairs, he may represent some concessions to popular wishes for a relaxation of ideological discipline. But like his predecessors he can only rule with the carrot and the stick, with the contradiction embodied in the debate over 'moral' versus 'material' incentives. For all the relentless adherence to 'Mao Tse-tung thought', a stubborn streak of pragmatic self-interest still dominates the Chinese political class. The problem of how power is transferred will, however, continue to haunt them just as it haunted their Russian forbears, now doomed to tread 'the capitalist road'.

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Shirley Risks Her Shirt

There are two subjects this week – one serious, the other considerably less so. The serious one, since this column detests frivolity, comes first. Everyone is wondering when Denis Healey will be ditched, and whether it is right to assume that Tony Crosland will succeed him. The simple answer is as follows. Healey is not the man to give up easily, but once vanquished his record shows that he is graceful in defeat. For instance, in 1967 Healey was defeated over the question of defence expenditure East of Suez, yet he went on to implement the defence cuts, and indeed has since been a convert to what was once an exclusively Left view. It is not Healey's fault that defence is not cut back still further. Over the whole of the Government's economic strategy, however, it will not be similarly possible for Healey to turn round and countermand his previous orders. He will have to go, but Jim Callaghan will see to it that he is not humiliated in the process. A diplomatic illness? That is neither the Callaghan nor the Healey style. It will probably take not weeks but months to arrange his departure, but it is noticeable how strongly Labour politicians of all colours believe that he should get out – and fast. The question is, who comes next?

Peter Shore's name has been put forward in the press, and indeed if you have not yet purchased a small stake in Shores, now is the time to do so. His main qualifications, according to the best sources, are his considerable skill in cabinet, where he is said to be the most effective debater in the team, and his enormous capacity for hard work. Whereas Tony Crosland, say the best sources, is 'a lazy bugger'. But there is one difficulty, that of the consequential changes in the cabinet, if Shore moves to the Treasury. The present arrangement, whereby Healey and Crosland can switch, was designed in the days before Crosland's stock fell. I've sold some of my Croslands, but I'm hanging on to a few, since it does not follow that a bad Foreign Secretary would make a bad Chancellor. Remember that the Alternative Strategy, when it is finally put into effect, is the Left's strategy, in some form. It makes very good sense, then, to ward off some of the inevitable red scare by having a well-known right-winger to implement it. And what's more, if Europe is going to be an increasingly ticklish question, Shore's past may be a bit of an albatross.

I take a new paragraph to emphasise an abrupt switch from this sublime and serious subject, to that of Harry Lillicrap. Lillicrap is an odd name, isn't it? In Lincoln, where I was born, there were some Lillicraps. I have often wondered how anybody got the name in the first place, or, having got it, stuck to it. Is Harry one of the Lincoln-

shire Lillicraps? At all events, now that he has retired from Cable and Wireless, and Ted Short has stepped into the Lillicrap shoes (an appropriate end to a not very remarkable career), there comes the question of the deputy leadership. This is not a very important question, but it has some interesting aspects to it.

For a start, it's interesting to discover that nobody really knows anything about the post of deputy leader of the Labour Party. The sort of people who can tell you everything you want to know (and more) about the treasurer'ship become terribly confused over the deputy leadership. I asked several of them, the other night, who had been deputy leader since Herbert Morrison. Ah, yes, they said, Morrison was the first (in fact, he was only the first to have an automatic place on the NEC) and he got it in 1954 – no, I tell a lie, 1952 – it was after Morecambe (it was 1953) – and then it was Griffiths, or was it? And then did Nye get it? Ah, um, or did he get it before Griffiths? When did Nye die? Or did he? And then was it Brown? and then Ted? no, Roy had it before Ted, or did he? Why do you want to know? You're not seriously going to write about the deputy leadership?

Clearly this post is not held in very high esteem. The one thing that everyone could remember was that when Brown had it, and stood against Wilson, it did him not the slightest bit of good. Yet there it is, up for grabs, and last week the papers were saying that Callaghan wanted an uncontested election – and Foot to get the job. This week, however, there has been a change of tune, and we now gather that the PM is to remain absolutely neutral on the subject. Foot will stand, certainly, and even before she made her 'agonised' decision on Wednesday Shirley Williams did not lack encouragement either. There may be a few odd-balls who want to make a showing, but the real contest will be between these two.

My calculations are as follows: if you take the figures from the leadership first

ballot earlier this year, and you give Foot his own plus Benn's votes, that gives him a base of 127. If you give Shirley Williams the votes that went to Jenkins (who publicly said she should stand), plus those of Healey and Crosland, she gets a base of 103. That leaves 84 Callaghan votes unaccounted for. These are the ones to watch. If Callaghan is really neutral, they are there for the taking. But Callaghan is most unlikely to be neutral. It is generally believed that he wants to maintain his careful Left/Right balance. Foot is the real deputy leader, and the key figure in the coalition. He should have the job.

Unfortunately for Shirley Williams, however, she's got her career to think about. It was wise to stay out of the leadership stakes, but you can't stay out of everything. And the Right at the moment is feeling very upset and hard done by. They didn't enjoy themselves in Blackpool, they didn't like it *one bit*. And they would very much like some good news in the near future. So it may be that this little contest will become their way of telling us that they're still around. But the trouble is – and it is this that must have weighed on Williams's mind – suppose she wins? or there again, suppose she loses? If she loses, it's fine from Callaghan's point of view: there will have been an election – democracy at work, always good, ho-ho – and Jack Ashley will (as runner-up) get into the NEC, and nothing will have changed. But Shirley herself has lost her electoral virginity, that untold-ness that can be so valuable.

On the other hand if she wins (and Shirley Shimmerskill, as runner-up in the women's section, gets onto the NEC), there'll be all hell to pay. It won't do, it just won't do, to annoy Callaghan in this way. After all, it is Callaghan who is supposed to be bringing her on, tending her, trimming her, like a shy little azalea, making sure she has enough water (but not too much) and plenty of peat and above all (as those who lost their azaleas in the drought will know) a decent amount of shade. As one of her colleagues put it: 'The thing about Shirley as a politician is that, above all else, she wants to be loved.' One can imagine the upsets if she goes and wins: the cross words from the PM, the floods of tears, the anguished apologies after being sent to bed early, the I-didn't-mean-to-do-its and the it-was-all-Phillip-Whitehead's-idea.

What then is to be done, to save Shirley Williams from success? One thing, I suppose, is for her to win and then retire in favour of Foot. But this would be a little baroque. The most likely solution is that there will (if the result looks like being dangerously close) be a little discreet, third-party pressure from Number Ten. Merlyn Rees is a very nice man. He could go round and do a little persuading. And then there are all those placemen, who have been raised from obscurity on the backbenches into obscurity in the Government. It's about time they put their mouths where their money is. Somebody will have to go and nobble the Catholics, of course. We can't have a Catholic deputy leader – even though the post is meaningless, and nobody even knew that Ted Short has held it for the last – how many years?

NEW STATESMAN

Vol 92 No 2378

Published weekly at Great Turnstile,
London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471

© 1976

The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail UK £12.50 Overseas £14
USA \$30

By air mail Europe £17.50 Middle East £19
Africa, India £20
USA, Canada \$40
Australia, NZ, Far East £21

For details of student rates write to the Subscriptions Supervisor at the above address.

Wilfred Beckerman

Bad Medicines for Recovery

In view of the gravity of the economic situation, it is not surprising that renewed support has been given lately to import controls as a means of improving the foreign balance and to a reduction in the retirement age as a means of reducing registered unemployment. As regards the former, the usual advocates of import controls on the Left of the Labour Party have found fresh support lately from leading members of the so-called 'New' Cambridge school of economics. Now, as every economics student knows, Cambridge was the home of Keynes who – as they also know – stated that economics provided not so much a body of agreed doctrine as a technique of thinking. But he did not say that it was a technique of *wishful* thinking, and it is this change that is, perhaps, all that is 'new' about the school of economics in question.

Of course, given the tragically high unemployment and the balance of payments position, one is tempted to search for desperate remedies, even if they are more likely to kill the patient than to cure him. Import controls are an obvious possibility, like the

reduction in the male retirement age, which was advocated by the TUC at Brighton as a means of cutting registered unemployment. In a situation where current government policy does not seem to be paying off rapidly, it is tempting to conclude that the Government must not just sit there doing nothing new but must do something – anything! This temptation must be resisted.

As regards import controls, while the many snags of this measure are well-known, it could turn out that, at some stage, we would have no choice and that import controls, in conjunction with stiff monetary and fiscal policies and much tighter controls on capital movements, would be the only way to check a further rapid fall in the exchange rate. In such a situation, the usual objections to import controls, such as that they raise prices or leave us open to the risk of retaliation, would be irrelevant.

By preventing a further fall in the exchange rate, import controls would reduce inflation instead of adding to it. Administrative difficulties would prevent other countries introducing controls overnight discriminating against Britain. In fact, one

of the chief weaknesses of import controls is precisely that they take some time to bite.

Thus it would be absurd to die in the last ditch over the import control issue and to maintain that there is absolutely no conceivable situation in which they would be appropriate. But we are not yet in such a situation. Hence the case for import controls must still depend on whether they are a less painful means of restoring economic balance than the policies currently being followed.

The distinguished advocates of import controls in the correspondence columns of *The Times* lately have by no means dispelled one's doubts on the subject. Mr Wynne Godley suddenly produced the proposal, without discussing its pros and cons, at the end of an otherwise excellent letter in which he demolished the case for *The Times's* own simple remedy based on further deflation and tighter control of the money supply. A few days later, Professor Neild said that import controls must be all right because the German economist Friedrich List said so in the 1840s. But not everybody would find this conclusive. (And, as Peter Oppenheimer pointed out later, even the Germans didn't believe List, without coming to any harm apparently.)

In his subsequent article in last week's *NEW STATESMAN*, the main new, positive, proposition that Professor Neild added in support of his case for import controls was that trade balances were not sufficiently responsive to changes in exchange rates.



This assertion conflicts with surveys of the evidence – notably by Professor Dick Cooper of Yale – and was certainly not true as far as Britain was concerned after the 1967 devaluation. Nor did Professor Neild himself believe it in the 1960s when he so strongly advocated devaluation. Of course, he may have been wrong then, or conditions may have changed. Or perhaps he has forgotten that the big turn-round in Britain's trade position after the November 1967 devaluation did not come until over a year later. Given the rate of domestic inflation in Britain over the past few years it is doubtful whether we have gained such a great competitive advantage from our exchange rate depreciation that the adjustment of the trade balance would be quicker this time.

Nevertheless, it could well be that conditions have changed so that Britain is less able to take advantage of competitiveness in international trade. After all, competitiveness is a tricky concept, since quality as well as price has to be taken into account. If, as a result of prolonged relative industrial stagnation, British manufactured goods are no longer up-to-date technologically and are also of poorer quality, the increasingly affluent USA, German, Scandinavian, French and Japanese markets will not buy our goods at *any* price. To wealthy, discriminating clients, low quality goods are simply not substitutes for the goods they are seeking. There would be little point in standing outside Cartiers trying to persuade customers who were about to enter the shop that you had some costume jewellery that would be a better buy for them since, although it was admittedly inferior, it was much cheaper.

But the question then has to be put – and Professor Neild and his allies never put it – whether import controls will help or hinder the eradication of those defects of British industry that have brought us to this state of affairs. For the fact is that the response to import controls depends very much on other circumstances, including the dynamism of the domestic industrial sector and the wage negotiation machinery.

What might perhaps have been true of mid-19th-century Germany or post-war Japan is not necessarily true of Britain today. Import controls can be either a stimulant or a pain-killing drug that enables sleepy entrepreneurs to sleep all that more soundly (as well as leading to severe withdrawal symptoms when the country eventually has to come off it under the pressure of international opinion). Whether it will be the former or the latter in the conditions of British industry depends largely on whether ancillary measures can be found that will shake up British management and improve industrial relations. After all, if the fall in the pound has been enough to increase our competitive power significantly (which seems to be implied by Professor Neild's pessimism as to the effect of exchange rate variations) why has it not done more to stimulate investment, and an expansion of import substitutes as well as of exports to take advantage of increasingly profitable overseas markets? If it has failed to do this, why would general protection in the form of import controls, by themselves, be any more effective?

And if the controls also mean that trade unions will be freer to bargain for wage increases that would otherwise price their members out of their jobs, and that employers will feel freer to grant such increases, the pound would start depreciating even more rapidly, we would have few defences left, and also we would soon be a lot worse off. Hence, if we are finally obliged to swallow import controls, it would have to be in conjunction with other genuinely radical measures.

In fact, the best argument for import controls – though not necessarily an adequate one even then – would be that they are not the medicine, but the sugar that has to be spread round the real medicine in order to make it palatable to the left-wing of the Labour Party and to the trade unions. The *real* medicine is something which is increasingly brushed aside, unfortunately, as being quite out of the question, namely a continuation of the current form of incomes policy that excludes collective bargaining and imposes some very rough justice through a uniformly low rate of increase for everybody.

In this connection it is sinister that so many leading trade unionists have recently gone on record insisting that we must soon return to free collective bargaining. For example, Mr Scanlon has recently stated that 'There is an absolute need to restore differentials, not just for craftsmen, but also for middle management, the professional – engineers, accountants, doctors, and other sections of the community where there has been a loss of traditional relativities . . . We must return to free collective bargaining' (*The Times*, 17 September).

At the same time we hear the usual laissez-faire voices maintaining that a continuation of a crude, rough justice, incomes policy is impossible since it leads, so they say, to an intolerable accumulation of re-

source mis-allocation and resentments at the erosion of established differentials. To a professional economist the notion that resources were optimally allocated before the introduction of the £6-per-week limit will seem hilarious. And to the sociologist the notion that attitudes to differentials are fixed and immutable will also, no doubt, appear rather bizarre.

The fact is that such improvement in the rate of inflation (and increase in the equality of income distribution!) as we have achieved over the last year or so has been largely due to the successful operation of a crude incomes policy. During this period the Government and the TUC have stood firm and must be congratulated on their courage. It is the political strain that accumulates, not the resource mis-allocation, and it is understandable that the search for less painful medicines becomes desperate. But – as Mr Callaghan and Mr Healey made clear at the Labour Party conference – there aren't any.

As many of us have maintained for many years, there is no viable solution that does not include an effective incomes policy. And in present conditions that means a tough, simple, and uniform norm for everybody. If we have to accept some measure of import controls or import deposits it must be out of political necessity not because we believe it is of much use by itself.

The same applies to the proposed reduction in the male retirement age in order to reduce unemployment. The interesting Department of Health and Social Security memorandum on this subject a few weeks ago accepted that if the change were carried out in conditions of high unemployment, the number of jobs vacated by new pensioners that would be taken up by the existing unemployed could be quite high – though well below one for one. For some pensioners would be replaced by people who are not on the unemployed register to begin with – such as housewives or 'other pensioners looking for part-time work'. Also some of the pensioners would not be replaced at all insofar as they formed part of the pool of hoarded labour.

And there are other equally effective short-run measures that might be more desirable in the longer run, such as a much greater programme for retraining middle-aged unemployed, and the proposed extensions of the Manpower Services Commission's activities. Such methods add to the longer-run skills and employment potential of the labour force and hence, in the longer-run, add to productive potential instead of reducing it.

Only if it were thought that the longer-run level of unemployment will tend to be much higher than in the past 20 years would there be a strong case for reducing the pension age to deal with a short-term problem of high unemployment. There are, of course, various reasons why one might believe that the longer-run level of unemployment will, indeed, have to stay much higher than it has been over the past 20 years or so. One of these would be that we failed to moderate the rate of inflation by any other means. After all, even the monetarists don't guarantee that their policy enables any country to keep low unemployment – it depends on what the 'natural rate

Roger Woddiss

Don't Call Us

(After A. A. Milne, and in celebration of Poo's 50th birthday)

Sir Harold Wilson said in a radio interview that he would return to lead the nation if summoned.

Poor old Britannia is deep in the red,
Callaghan sits with a towel round
his head:
Hush! Hush! Remember de Gaulle!
One day Sir Harold will answer the call.

Heat in the kitchen requires a
cool cook,
(You can help Britain by buying
his book).
Hush! Hush! The City can wait –
Send for Sir Harold before it's too late!

Maggie's magnificent, Howe is superb,
Denis is scraping his shoe on the kerb;
Woe! Woe! Alas and alack!
All is forgiven – Sir Harold, come back!

of unemployment' (to use their concepts) is in any country, and in Britain this could be high.

So we come round again to where we started. Only if some crude but effective incomes restraint can be implemented will we be able to raise the level of employment in the longer run. In that case temporary measures such as import controls or cutting the retirement age will merely have reduced long-run production potential, and, as with the retirement age, conflicted with the wishes

of the bulk of the population (except those in specially arduous and unpleasant occupations for which special arrangements should be made). And if we cannot keep a crude incomes policy going for some time to come we shall not only be unable to reconcile high employment with stable prices but all the other medicines which we may have to swallow as well will eventually prove – like most medicines – to be not merely unpleasant but, in the longer run, positively harmful.

John P. Mackintosh

Low Road to Scotland

It now looks as if the anti-devolution campaign has lost its momentum and the Government should be confident of getting a Second Reading for the Bill in November. This was doubtful only so long as it was not clear whether Jim Callaghan (an old opponent of devolution) and Michael Foot were prepared to make the measure an issue of confidence.

Now it seems to be definite; they realise that the standing of the Government would be hopelessly compromised by defeat even if this was not the kind of issue that led to resignation or to a general election. The first stage in the battle, once the decision to fight was taken, was to get endorsement by the annual conference of the party. While this has little effect on the moderates or Right of the Parliamentary Labour Party, it is hard to see Eric Heffer or Dennis Skinner voting against a Bill which has been endorsed by 4.7 million to 800,000 at the party conference. But to muster a majority for a Second Reading is by no means the end of the Government's difficulties. There are still problems over the contents of the Bill, over its passage through the House and over the capacity of devolution to restore or retain the Labour Party's hold on the political life of Scotland.

First, on the question of content, most of the final decisions have been taken. The Scottish universities are not to be devolved. Figures now out show that a lower percentage of working-class boys and girls go into higher education than in the 1930s; and the school to university transition has run into special problems: without the devolution of the universities, the gap between the schools on the one hand and the universities on the other, will become more difficult to bridge. There are one or two other areas, such as part of agriculture and fisheries and aspects of the Scottish legal system, where devolution is incomplete but broadly speaking the Scottish Assembly will have control of all the functions that are at present administered separately for Scotland by the Scottish Office.

Two problems remain in the terms of the system to be set up by the Devolution Bill. The first is over finance. Rates are so unpopular that the original proposal in the White Paper to allow the Assembly to impose a surcharge has been dropped. The

Government has responded by leaving the entire cost of the Scottish administration (estimated in 1975 at £2,100m. a year) to be met by a block grant from the UK Treasury. The anti-devolvers have fastened on this saying that it will create constant friction; every unbuilt road or hospital will be a grievance to be blamed on the parsimony of London.

These objections are valid in that it is the height of folly to set up a powerful spending body but to make it in no way responsible for raising the money it decides to disburse. However, the objectors are also mildly dishonest, in that though Tam Dalyell and his followers keep pressing this issue, they would be even more upset if the Assembly were granted powers to raise some or all of its own revenue. The Secretary of State, Mr Bruce Millan, told a visiting conference of professors of public finance in August that the Government was deeply unhappy about this aspect of the Bill but could think of no division of taxing powers that did not 'damage the economic and financial integrity of the UK'.

One solution to the financial problem would be to give the Assembly the product of all the income tax paid by those resident in Scotland (using the same machinery of collection) together with the 12-per-cent oil royalties on all concessions in Scottish waters. These two sources of revenue would yield almost exactly the same as the proposed block grant. The oil royalties could not be altered, but the income tax could be varied if the Assembly wanted to raise more money and have better services or vice versa.

The second problem is rarely mentioned. This is curious because if the anti-devolvers wanted to raise a legitimate fear about the whole policy, this is it. On the proposed 'first past the post' electoral system, there is a real possibility that the SNP will emerge with an absolute majority at the first election (or at a subsequent one). The current Westminster system works both well and fairly where the bulk of the electorate vote for only two parties. But when there is a three-party system the results can be grotesquely unfair and positively dangerous if one of the parties does not accept the validity of the political system.

At present, according to the polls, both

Labour and the SNP in Scotland have the support of 30 per cent of electors with the Conservatives just ahead at 31 per cent. The remaining 9 per cent is shared by Jim Sillars's Scottish Labour Party and the Liberals. As a result, in an election any of the first three could win an overall majority with the support of about a third of the electorate. If the SNP won, they could use their position in the Assembly to make lavish payments, run up debts and exceed the powers granted in the original Act till the process was vetoed in Westminster. Then they could turn and appeal to the Scots that London was preventing the implementation of their excellent policies. Under PR, so long as the SNP fell short of 50-per-cent support, it would be possible to set up a combination of parties which were committed to keeping Britain united. The SNP could become part of the governing coalition provided it was willing to accept this pre-condition at least for the duration of the government.

The anti-devolvers seldom mention this point about the real danger of the SNP winning an outright majority, probably because they do not like admitting the extent of the electoral threat posed by the SNP. Also, to appear to advocate proportional representation, even as a reluctant safety measure, does upset the faithful in the Labour Party who are totally committed to the idea that governments with a majority of the popular vote can push through anything they like, provided they have won a majority of seats in the representative chamber.

There is one other point to be made about proportional representation, if any kind of list system on West German lines were adopted. It is possible, especially at the beginning, that the ability and experience of the 142 Scottish Assembly men and women could be open to doubt. The candidates for any election will have to be nominated from among party members, but the political parties in Scotland are either undermanned or short of talent or both. If the Assembly is to take the major steps open to it, particularly in the reform of local government and of top heavy administrative structures such as in the health service, it will need ministers with the kind of calibre, self-confidence and experience which can at least deal on an equal footing with senior civil servants at St Andrew's House. The list system would allow the parties to supplement their elected constituency MPs with some public figures (of proven ability and known political views) who have not so far been prepared to slog it out as rank and file party members. But if none of these things happen, if the Assembly is weak financially, if it distorts the real balance of political opinion and if, as is most likely, it is simply ineffective because of the inexperience of its members, then the only gainer can be the SNP. They are desperately anxious that devolution, while emphasising Scotland's separate needs, should not be a real success.

The main difficulty for the policy, now that the Second Reading of the Bill seems secure, is the guillotine motion. Dedicated opponents of the measure will filibuster endlessly but the Liberals, who will vote for the Second Reading, will oppose a guillotine on democratic principles. The SNP

in the Commons may do the same, saying that there are so many amendments they must move to improve the Bill. As a result the passage of the measure is bound to remain doubtful.

To get it through, and to set up the new system of devolved government with the zest which is essential, to get the best people to stand and to set the Scottish government off to a positive start all require the kind of enthusiasm, the kind of commitment to the cause which has so far been lacking.

Murray Sayle

Quick Red Foxbat

Japanese, of all people, should be alert to the dangers of surprise air attack. So the radar operators on the northern island, Hokkaido, were understandably quick off the mark when, one lunchtime at the start of the current autumn rainy season, they saw a blip coming straight at them from Siberia across the chilly Sea of Okhotsk. Two Phantoms of the Japanese Air Self-Defence Force scrambled in the commendable time of four minutes with orders to challenge the intruder and, if necessary, speak to him severely about violating Japanese air space (Japanese planes, ships or soldiers are forbidden by law to open fire except in self-defence).

From this point, something like the historical Pearl Harbour was re-enacted in reverse, as low comedy. Although Soviet defector Lieutenant Viktor Ivanovich Belenko (for it was indeed he) was flying his MIG-25 Foxbat at 21,000 feet and a mere 500 knots, a quarter of his best speed, deviating neither right nor left except to avoid some ugly rainclouds, the Japanese Phantoms never laid eyes on him. The American-supplied Japanese radar glimpsed him briefly, once, and then never saw him again. The whole system feeds into a central computer, and it appears that the computer man was out to lunch, his set switched off to save electricity.

Belenko himself, after giving his wingman the slip, put down at Hakodate, a quiet Japanese provincial town, blowing two tyres, knocking down the airport fence and finally pulling up a hundred yards beyond the end of the runway. And when he failed to produce his Japanese alien registration card (the regulations allow no exceptions for *anyone*, including Soviet defectors) he was booked by the airport police on suspicion of low flying, damage to Japanese government property, entering Japan without a visa, using an unlicensed handgun and resisting arrest. The police report added that there seemed to be *prima facie* evidence of importing an aircraft without a permit and attempting to avoid duty on the same.

On these charges the confused Belenko was held incommunicado for three days. On the fourth day, his head wrapped in an overcoat, a pair of opaque sunglasses perched on his nose, he departed for the United States and stepped, presumably, out

of history. What happens, one wonders, to these people? The going bounty for a Foxbat, the fastest Soviet front-line fighter, is reported in intelligence circles to be between one and two million dollars, according to model (Belenko's was the sought-after MIG-25A interceptor version). This should entitle Belenko to the full CIA course of treatment: re-education sessions, a new identity, perhaps a nose job and tinted contact lenses; and then retirement, all secrets sold, to some turncoats' Estoril where at 29 and barring exploding birthday parcels or midnight ice-picks he has plenty of time to catch up on *Gulag Archipelago*, and the other relevant Russian classics. Despite the tearful appeals of his wife and mother, it is unlikely that the Soviet authorities ever really expected to see him again.

The plane is a different story. If Belenko had managed to land in Mannheim, say, or (by some error of navigation) in Manchester, then *Luftwaffe*, RAF and US Air Force men would have been over the Foxbat like a rash within minutes, monkey wrenches in hand, singing merrily as they worked. The Russians could hardly have expected less. Britain and West Germany are full-fledged military allies of the US in Nato, one for all and all for one. Britain accepts the risk of having American nuclear weapons in Holy Loch, and Strategic Air Command bombers on the East Anglian airfields, and so has a powerful claim on any information going that might cut the risk down.

In this sense Japan is not a military ally of the United States at all. She is a signatory to the US/Japan Mutual Security Treaty, last renewed (after leftist riots) in 1970, due for renewal in 1980. This is in fact a base-leasing agreement, with nothing noticeably mutual about it. In a few terse paragraphs, the US undertakes to assist in the defence of Japan against 'armed attack in the territories under the administration of Japan', and Japan in return grants the US the use of bases on Japanese territory from which to do the job.

The purpose of the US bases in Japan is, in turn, defined as 'contributing to the security of Japan and the maintenance of international peace and security in the Far East' – the last phrase evidently being a kind of Dulles-speak covering a renewal of the Korean war, US intervention in some

hypothetical Sino-Soviet clash, or World War III. Apart from making their bases available, the Japanese undertake to deal with something called 'indirect aggression', explained as meaning an internal insurrection against the Japanese Government directed and/or encouraged from Peking, Moscow, Pyongyang or wherever.

That's all the Japanese have to do. They are not obliged to contribute anything to the defence of the United States, South Korea, Taiwan or anywhere else, although they are free to make money on the side (between £500m. and £1,000m. a year from US military procurements and repairs during all the years of the Korean and Vietnam wars). Put like this, the Mutual Security Treaty sounds like an offer no one could possibly refuse, the biggest bargain in the history of human conflict. It only makes sense if Japan is viewed as being poor and defenceless, communists as devils incarnate and socialists not much better, and American atomic bombs as being the answer to everything – fundamentalist viewpoints which were in fact shared by US Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Shigeru Yoshida, the Japanese Prime Minister who suggested this amazing deal to the Americans in the first place, back in the late 1940s.

Times change. The Mutual Security Treaty, still on the books, has come to be hedged with tacit restrictions. The Japanese are expected to buy American weapons to offset some of the cost of the US garrison here, for one thing (hence Lockheed). The Americans in turn are expected to keep a low profile, with no uniforms off the bases, and reconnaissance missions are no longer flown from any of the islands of Japan proper – all this, on Japanese insistence, to give as little cause for offence as possible to the Soviet Union. However, an ultra-secret SR 71 Blackbird (worth, if we still had cigarette cards, two Foxbats or five Sopwith Camels) takes off northward from the US base on Okinawa every morning, destination unknown.

The trouble is that the Russians also maintain bases on Japanese soil, or at least on soil claimed by the Japanese. In the last dying days of World War Two the Russians seized four small islands close to Hokkaido – Kunashiri, Shikotan, Habomai and Etorofu (names to fit away with Quemoy, Matsu and Checkpoint Charlie) fortified them, and won't give them back. The Japanese won't give up their claim, and this has stalled a peace treaty with the Soviet Union for 30 years and more.

The Japanese claim is strong. The islands were Japanese for 200 years, are covered with Japanese family graves and, viewed through the mists of the Northern Pacific, they even *look* Japanese. The trouble is that the Soviet Union claims them by right of conquest, exactly the same reason given by Japan when she seized half of the Russian island of Sakhalin in 1905, and thus herself established the principle of conquerors keepers as good Asian logic. From *their* bases, the Russians fly the 'Tokyo Express' reconnaissance run down to Okinawa every day. Japan thus finds her string of islands checkmated at either end by a nosey, heavily-armed super-power – an uneasy situation, even before Foxbat dropped in.

The Japanese Foreign Office wanted to give it back at once. The Japanese Air Self-Defence Force, supported by heavy American arm-twisting, wanted a careful, leisurely look at it. One can see the American argument: Foxbat is what they are supposed to be helping defend Japan against.

But, significantly, the Americans and the Japanese both insist that the Mutual Security Treaty is *not* being invoked. Easy to see why: if Lieutenant Belenko's piece of street theatre is to be interpreted as an 'armed attack', then Foxbat is much faster than anything that China, Japan or the Americans have in the Far East and the incident might escalate alarmingly. So, instead, the Japanese asked for American 'technical assistance'. The plane was dismantled and flown in a US Air Force C-5 Galaxy to a Japanese Air Force base near Tokyo, the Japanese insisting that they were paying for the petrol for the flight, which deserves a place in anyone's scrapbook of lame excuses. As you read, talks have at last begun for the plane's return but we can be sure that men in short haircuts and Hawaiian beach shirts have already swarmed all over it.

If not the Mutual Security Treaty, then what was being invoked? Apparently some as yet unpublished, clause of the Old Pals' Act, and this aspect more than any is what got the Russians furious: for what stops the Americans, in turn, helping *their* old pals? They suspect, no doubt correctly, that the inner workings of their secret aircraft are even now being studied in Whitehall, Bonn and, for all they know, Peking.

So Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko buttonholed his Japanese counterpart, Zentaro Kosaka, in New York last month and got very angry indeed. Gromyko said, among other things, that unless the plane came back in good order immediately even the negotiations over the long-delayed peace treaty were off, the Japanese could whistle for their islands, and other, undisclosed but obviously nasty 'consequences' would follow. A first casualty already has been a round of trade talks, predicated on the idea that the Russians would like some of the Japanese hoard of foreign exchange (who wouldn't?) and the Japanese would like some Siberian raw materials, a conjunction of interests which even promised, earlier this year, to overcome the deep, mutual loathing between the parties.

Another predictable consequence has been the arrival in Tokyo of swarms of American aircraft salesmen, and by no coincidence a big order was announced last month: Japan will buy 120 McDonnell-Douglas F-15 Eagles at £8m. a copy, plus spares. A flood of leaks from the team examining the Foxbat, none of them very surprising to anyone who has flown with the Soviet airline, Aeroflot, accompanied this sales effort: the Russian plane turned out to be a big, rough old banger, as they say in the used car trade, with rusty spots on the plain steel fuselage, and an air speed indicator red-lined at Mach 2.8, slower than expected but still a lot faster than the Eagle.

And before long, we will have the Super-Foxbat, Son of Foxbat, Wolfbat . . . a line

threatening, to alarmed Japanese taxpayers, to stretch out to the crack of doom. On the other hand, the Americans have not failed to notice the balky, indecisive Japanese reaction, the first time they have ever been called on to deliver anything that was not profitable and carried an element of risk in their security arrangements with the US.

Thinking about Pearl Harbour brings to mind an interesting parallel. In a previous attempt to save money and face by withdrawing gracefully from the Western Pacific, during the Thirties, the US left the Philippines in check to the growing power of the Japanese Navy — an obligation that the Americans could neither avoid nor honour. Now Japan, once the springboard of the American forward policy in Asia, seems to be undergoing the same slow transformation, from an American asset to an American military liability, in check to Soviet power.

Lieutenant Belenko has demonstrated that the whole of Japan, including Okinawa, is within range of the Foxbats' lair in Vladivostok. The Russians understandably see a hostile combination of China, Japan and the US being formed against them in the Far East. So it will be interesting to see what happens when the US, in turn, is called on to deliver something profitless and risky on its security arrangements with Japan. The Japanese I know want to see something more substantial than an American general smoking a corn-cob pipe and promising, as he leaves in a fast boat, that he will return.

Tokyo

A SELECTION OF GARLAND

A wallet of prints of Garland's cartoons from the New Statesman

So many of our readers have expressed their appreciation of Garland's cartoons that we have decided to issue a collection of ten prints representative of his work for the New Statesman over the past three years.

The cartoons have been selected as outstanding examples not only of Garland's skill as draughtsman but also of the wit and perception which he brings to the passing political scene.

Together they form a unique gallery of the personalities, notable and notorious, of the day.



The cartoons are printed on high quality paper, size 8½" x 12½", and each set comes in a handsome wallet and costs only £2, post free in the UK.*

Why not give Garland collections for Christmas this year? They will be ready on 5 November — so send your order now to be sure of getting your copies in good time.

*To addresses abroad the prices are £2.50 by surface mail and £3.50 by air.

Send your order with remittance to
TURNSTILE PRESS LTD.
10 Great Turnstile
London WC1V 7HJ

Michael Hope*

Taken Over by Slater Walker

One afternoon in April 1968 the chairman of Crittall-Hope received a telephone call at his Smethwick office. Unlike most of his calls this one was not filtered through a secretary. Immediately he picked up the receiver the caller spoke and identified himself as 'Jim Slater of Slater Walker Securities'. It says a lot for the speed of Mr Slater's rise to fame that in 1968 the chairman of Crittall-Hope had to cudgel his brains for some seconds before working out who this unexpected caller could be.

After some ritual apologetic remarks that he would have liked to come and see the Crittall-Hope chairman personally but had found difficulty in contacting him (a white lie if ever there was one) Mr Slater explained that he was sending round that afternoon to the Crittall-Hope registered office in London an offer for the entire share capital of the company, and that the terms of the offer would be communicated to the press immediately after the Stock Exchange closed at four o'clock. It was then about ten minutes to four. He went on to say that he thought the chairman might like to know what the terms were. He spelled them out in detail and said he would be happy to consider any representations or counter-proposals from the Crittall-Hope board if they did not think the terms he offered were reasonable.

Immediately after speaking to Mr Slater I got in touch with our merchant bankers in London, who predictably advised us to make no statement to the press or to our shareholders other than that we were considering Mr Slater's offer with our advisers. This of course was hardly 'news', and those financial journalists who spoke to me on the telephone that evening were patently disappointed that I had nothing to tell them – no promises of defiance nor admission of defeat. The newspapers who failed to get through before I eventually closed down the switchboard were even more disgruntled and chose to regard this as a sign of old world fuddy-duddy management. Mr Slater, on the other hand, was fully prepared and had plenty to tell the press. It was far and away his biggest takeover attempt to date and he took care that he and his staff were available until late that evening to answer questions.

Naturally, we wished to fend off Mr Slater. We had no confidence in his experience or skill as an industrial manager, he had a reputation (rightly or wrongly) as an asset-stripper, and we could visualise the businesses which had been built up over so many years by our respective families being ruthlessly cut to pieces, and perhaps many employees being sacked, in the interest of short-term capital gains for the Slater Walker shareholders.

There are at least three classic methods of fighting off an unwelcome takeover bid.

One can advise shareholders that the offer is too low and should be refused on those grounds; one can rally a large enough block of shareholders behind the board (possibly on grounds of sentiment or family loyalty) to make it impossible for the bidder to get effective control; or one can seek an alternative bidder who one hopes will prove to be a less exacting or more sympathetic taskmaster. In this case none of these three defences was available to us.

Mr Slater's offer, when translated into equivalent cash terms (it was in fact made in the form of new shares in his own company) worked out at about 16s 6d a Crittall-Hope ordinary share compared with the current market price of about 11s 6d. There was a case for putting the full asset value of the Crittall-Hope shares at about 18s a share but this would be of little interest to investors unless the value could be reflected in profits and dividends. It was clear to the Crittall-Hope directors – and to their advisers – that there was little or no prospect of increasing profits within the next two years to a level which would match Mr Slater's offer. Indeed the current year's profits, which had not yet been audited or announced but could be assessed fairly closely by the directors, were going to show a dramatic fall and might well depress the share price further when they were announced. It would in fact have been an obvious fiction to claim that the Slater Walker offer was not in Stock Exchange terms an attractive one, and any attempt to fight the offer on these grounds would have constituted a transparent piece of special pleading.

Mr Slater had made it clear that if we were to recommend his offer without qualification he would take over Crittall-Hope 'sight unseen', but that if we wished to negotiate better terms he would expect to be given full information about the company's current trading position. It seemed unlikely that we would be able to achieve better terms in monetary value, but the Slater Walker 'paper' that was being offered in exchange for the Crittall-Hope shares carried a distinctly speculative flavour in those days and it was thought that if we could obtain a cash alternative this might be attractive to some of our more cautious investors.

We were also advised that we were more likely to obtain generous treatment for our

**Michael Hope was chairman of Henry Hope & Sons Ltd from 1953-68 and of Crittall-Hope Ltd from the formation of the company in April 1965 until it was taken over by Slater Walker Securities in June 1968. A fuller version of this article was published by the Journal of Industrial Economics (Basil Blackwell & Mott Ltd.) in March 1976.*

staff and workpeople if all our cards were laid on the table before the deal was concluded, than if the new owners discovered the true state of affairs only after the bargain was struck. Actually the whole conception of trying to sell the business for more than it was intrinsically worth (whatever that might be) by means of a kind of confidence trick – even if the initiative came entirely from the buyer as it did in this case – seemed to me slightly discreditable and bound to lead to trouble somewhere along the line. It was therefore decided to disclose all the available figures to Mr Slater, putting the best interpretation on them that we could, and trust that he would not then withdraw or reduce his offer.

In his original telephone conversation with me, Mr Slater had suggested that I might like to get in touch with two of the firms which he had recently absorbed, so that I might get independent evidence of the Slater Walker attitude and behaviour towards their newly acquired subjects. Accordingly I visited Manchester to see firm 'A' while my deputy chairman John Crittall went to see the ex-chairman of firm 'B' in East Anglia. In Manchester I found a dedicated admirer of Mr Slater and all his ways – his perspicacity, his drive, his humanity, his sense of humour were all praised without stint or reservation. There had been economies and even closures since the takeover but basically the company had been allowed, nay encouraged, to expand and develop along the lines which he as chairman had laid down in the past. Everything in the garden was lovely and Crittall-Hope could count themselves fortunate that they were soon to join such a progressive, exciting and happy group. It was hardly likely that someone who was still on Mr Slater's payroll would cry stinking fish about his new chairman, but I formed the opinion all the same that the admiration was genuine. Certainly such facts as I was given supported the view that in company 'A' at least there had been nothing in the nature of asset-stripping and that the pre-takeover management had been retained and strengthened. I discovered much later that this enthusiastic attitude was not shared by everyone in the firm. So much for company 'A' in Manchester.

The situation which John Crittall found with company 'B' was rather different. The company had been in difficulties when Slater Walker made their approach. The ex-chairman was candid enough to volunteer that Mr Slater had achieved in, I think, three months a reorganisation which he himself had expected would take 18 months to two years. The net result of the operation had been the virtual extinction of company 'B' as a trading concern and a sizeable cash profit for Slater Walker. There had been redundancies and we were given particulars

of the compensation terms which had been accepted by the executives whose service contracts had been ended. The terms appeared to have been fair. So much for company 'B' in East Anglia.

Early Intentions

A meeting was then arranged in London at which Mr Slater was to be asked what his general intentions were regarding the future management of Crittall-Hope in the event of the bid going through, and what assurances he was prepared to give to the company's staff and workpeople. The meeting was held in the offices of one of our merchant bankers. The entire board of Crittall-Hope were present together with representatives both of our merchant bankers and of our auditors – Mr Slater was accompanied by a single aide. He repeated what he had already told me on the telephone, that he preferred to work through the existing management, though he would naturally want to appoint his own chairman, and he would ask for the resignation of our two non-executive directors. He could guarantee the maintenance of existing rates of pay and conditions but must have freedom to make closures and impose redundancies where he considered this necessary. The impression he left on the meeting was that he intended – or at the very least hoped – to develop Crittall-Hope as an expanding and progressive company.

He was asked why he had picked on Crittall-Hope, since he appeared to have no special interest or experience in the manufacture of metal windows or indeed in building materials of any kind. He answered that the company was the right size. We said this seemed a little like choosing a wife solely from her vital statistics. He said he also thought he could act as a catalyst between the Crittall and Hope sides of the company. He was asked if he appreciated that there were very special problems peculiar to the window industry. He said he was sure that this was so, as it was of most industries, but that in his experience the main problems were the same for all industries. We now pressed on with completion of the accounts which, as had been foreseen, showed a serious drop in profits. Mr Slater did not withdraw or lower his bid, and since he had given what seemed reasonable assurances for the treatment of Crittall-Hope employees, and since no rival offer was forthcoming from any other source, the Crittall-Hope directors had no option but to recommend the offer to their shareholders.

From the moment the offer documents went out to the shareholders things moved very quickly. We learned with some surprise that Mr Slater intended to take over the chairmanship of Crittall-Hope himself and that he would personally control the reorganisation which he had in mind. John Crittall and myself were each given the title of joint deputy chairman but it soon became clear that this was a piece of public relations and that the positions were purely nominal. The two non-executive Crittall-Hope directors were asked to resign and a number of Slater Walker nominees were added to the board and given overriding

authority over different sectors of the company's business.

Mr Slater undertook an extremely detailed scrutiny of such things as charitable donations, fringe benefits of directors and senior managers, credit terms from suppliers, prompt invoicing and anything else which might improve the cash flow. I doubt if this achieved anything of significance but at least it established an atmosphere of urgency and made it clear that no slackness would be tolerated. He also called for a report on the price level of every one of the company's major products and insisted on an immediate increase in most of them. At his first board meeting he announced: 'The product we are going to make is money.'

A number of specialists had been engaged to look into every aspect of the company's business, e.g. production, research and development, marketing, advertising, subsidiary companies, overseas operations etc. These specialists were now let loose to produce reports on possible savings through rationalisation or through the closing down of unprofitable or unpromising operations. In most instances the Slater Walker specialist was assisted by a small fact-finding team from both Crittall and Hope's. The reports were then supposed to contain the agreed recommendations of each team. But they were in fact written largely in the Slater Walker offices, and it was made abundantly clear that opinions which did not square with Mr Slater's plans for maximum and speedy integration of the two companies' operations would not be welcome.

Alarm and Despondency

John Crittall and I were excluded from all these fact-finding teams. We were given copies of their reports and were free to comment on them at the monthly board meetings, but I certainly began to feel like an overworked cipher – for we were still responsible for the day-to-day running of the two home companies. I became so disillusioned that I seriously considered resigning my meaningless title of joint deputy chairman, but I was afraid that this would only increase the alarm of the Henry Hope employees at Smethwick and Wednesbury. They were already thoroughly despondent at the prospect of redundancies. Meantime drastic steps were being taken with the overseas subsidiaries. Almost before the formalities of the takeover were complete the German company had been made over *in toto* (after a sizeable injection of cash) to the individual with whom we were hoping to negotiate some form of partnership. The South African company was sold, without consulting its managing director, to its principal South African competitor. Arrangements were also put in hand to close down or dispose of the company's operations in Canada, Rhodesia, Zambia, Australasia, and the Far East. The only overseas subsidiaries to be retained were the companies in Nigeria and the USA, and of these the latter was in the event sold the following year in spite of its consistent profit record.

One of Mr Slater's first actions when the takeover became effective in June had

been to arrange a personal visit of inspection to the Crittall factories in Essex. At the same time he said that he would discuss with me possible dates for visiting the Hope factories at Smethwick and Wednesbury; but several weeks went by without any further mention of this and I became suspicious. Eventually I did persuade him to fix a date for the visit but owing to his numerous commitments it could not take place until after the projected trip to America. He was curiously reluctant to come at all, saying that he was 'no engineer', but I pointed out that if he failed to meet the departmental managers and superintendents of Hope's after his much publicised visit to Crittall's, my staff would draw their own conclusions and lose heart. So he agreed to come.

Final Decisions

Looking back I believe that long before visiting any of the Crittall-Hope factories, possibly even before finalising the terms of the offer, Mr Slater had virtually decided to concentrate production and control at the Crittall factories in Essex. I can well understand that in the circumstances he may have found the visit to Hope's not only pointless but rather distasteful. It can hardly have been pleasant to be introduced, portentously, as the new chairman to an array of managers and senior executives, many of whom he had already decided in principle to sack. The visit finally took place at the end of August in an atmosphere of considerable apprehension.

Mr Slater appeared to be far more interested in the real estate value of the factories and offices and how much of them could be released for sale than in the use to which they could be put by Crittall-Hope. Towards the end of the day he told me his final decisions. Both Henry Hope factories were to be sold and part of the Smethwick one would be leased back by Crittall-Hope from the new landlords in order to accommodate the rump activities – curtainwalling, roof-glazing and ventilation for the most part – which could not be squeezed into the Crittall factories in Essex. There were to be about 700 redundancies, mostly in the Midlands but a few in London, and perhaps 450 extra jobs in Essex. I and one or possibly two of my Henry Hope colleagues would be made redundant. Three of the Crittall directors, one of whom was in poor health, were also to go. There were to be a number of other redundancies or early retirements among the managerial staff of both companies and fair compensation would be paid for early termination of any service contracts. A few of the Smethwick staff would be given the opportunity to transfer to Essex if they so wished (in the event less than a dozen chose to do so). A scheme of enhanced redundancy payments would be worked out for all those who were to be sacked.

Mr Slater himself was giving up the chairmanship of Crittall-Hope in favour of one of his colleagues who specialised in industrial management. John Crittall was to remain as deputy chairman of the company and a new managing director from the Slater Walker stable would be appointed

from among the experts who had been reporting on the reorganisation. The Henry Hope managing director would be allowed to remain at Smethwick under a new service contract with the task of demonstrating to his sceptical colleagues that the rump activities left in his charge could be run profitably. I myself could remain until the end of September – this was later extended to the end of October – to hand over what remained of my responsibilities and satisfy myself that our employees were getting fair treatment. Mr Slater insisted that any cases of individual hardship must be dealt with sympathetically.

I told Mr Slater that if I had foreseen the full extent of the redundancies which he was now determined to impose I could not have brought myself to recommend acceptance of his bid to the Crittall-Hope shareholders. He said that in that case I would have been ignoring the shareholders' best interests and on this we agreed to differ. Our interview, and his subsequent one with one of my colleagues, were interrupted by frequent telephone calls from financial journalists who were seeking statements about other rumoured Slater Walker bids and deals. Mr Slater was clearly in his element in dealing with these calls and seemed to have no difficulty in switching his mind from the affairs of Crittall-Hope – which were of some complexity – to his other financial commitments and projects and back again.

At the end of the day, while the necessary announcements to the staff and work-people were being drafted etc., one of Mr Slater's colleagues – he is now dead – came across to offer me his personal sympathy in what must be, he felt sure, a most distressing situation. Then the party took themselves off, indulging in some private joke which I was not invited to share.

Much has been written, often in deeply emotional terms, of the human distress which can be caused when a century-old business is taken over and its identity perhaps extinguished by financial interests whose stated objective is to get the greatest possible return on their invested capital. I have every reason to appreciate the force of these pleas. Nor is it only the directors and managers of a business who identify themselves with its prosperity and its tribulations. Craftsmen, clerks, even labourers can be found in any well-run business who are pleased to link their future with that of the company for which they work. No scale of compensation for redundancy or breach of contract can heal the wounds which are inflicted when a man's whole working surroundings are brusquely annihilated for reasons utterly beyond his control.

No reasonable person would maintain that the industry of any country should be run solely for the benefit of the managers and workers who man it. Nevertheless it will be a sad day for the country when it is accepted that the sole criterion of success in any business is the immediate return on the capital employed therein, and when it is assumed that those who work in it are solely concerned with the financial rewards of their labour.

It is interesting, however, that in order to

resell Crittall-Hope – which may indeed have always been Mr Slater's ultimate objective, and which he eventually achieved in 1974 with an agreed takeover by Norcross (another conglomerate) – the strategy was adopted of first merging the company with a quite dissimilar engineering business. Crittall-Hope was combined in 1971 with Butterley Engineering, a Coventry-based engineering group in which Slater Walker had a controlling interest. As far as can be ascertained there was no industrial logic in this merger. No production or management economies were achieved or even claimed. The sole *raison d'être* of the merger was to make Crittall-Hope shares a more

attractive Stock Exchange proposition by spreading the risk of cyclical boom and slump which is associated with the building industry over a wider spectrum of products. The old management had, of course, achieved a rather different type of spread by its overseas investments, especially in the US, most of which Slater Walker had sold. It is also interesting that when Norcross had completed their takeover they announced that the window business of Crittall-Hope was then running at a loss. Under the old management this had not happened to Crittall or to Hope's, either separately or together, since the days of the great slump in the early 1930s.

David Leitch

Last of the Filtered Wine

Few Parisians, judging from the French alcoholism statistics at any rate, are much influenced by those macabre *métro* ads showing a greenish citizen drowning in a bottle and bearing the famous exhortation: 'Never more than a litre of wine a day.' Such publicity messages have been around ever since the (rather small) French anti-alcohol lobby got going in the 19th century. They have never had any success to speak of. And the one politician of modern times (Mendès-France) who took the matter seriously, saddled himself with a political albatross which did neither himself nor the anti-alcohol lobby any good at all.

Such characteristic reactions, or lack of them, have helped construct a body of conventional wisdom about French society which, to some extent, I subscribe to myself. It goes as follows. The French are, *par excellence*, individualists. They are not, in general, civic-minded, and they are reluctant joiners of movements designed to make the world a nobler place. This tendency can be applied to a host of areas from anti-nuclear movements (in France traditionally non-existent) to parent/teacher associations (in France invariably highly political and divisive). It is particularly valid when dealing with issues to do with alcohol, because the French remain the kings both of wine production and its corollary – slurping the stuff down in impressive quantities.

Thus when last week François Roubertol, secretary-general of the Federal Consumers' Union (UFC) told me that his movement's equivalent of *Choice*, a monthly revue called *Que Choisir?*, was about to publish some explosive findings about wine in its October issue, I reacted sceptically. The earlier comments apply particularly well to citizens' consumer groups, an area in which France has been predictably laggard, and if you take consumer protection and wine together then you would expect to find yourself facing a very large and impenetrable brick wall. However, as will be seen, the outcome proved entirely the reverse of my expectations.

In the first instance this was because the UFC report was genuinely frightening.

Roubertol and his merry men had got moving because they had discovered that the vast majority of domestic wine-producers were in the habit of using a cheap and convenient process for wine filtration which is banned in the US and some other countries because the filters are made of asbestos. And asbestos, as is well-known, is a very disturbing substance indeed. To quote a recent medical opinion from Professor J. Bignon, one of France's most respected cancer researchers, between 80 and 90 per cent of all cancers are connected with environmental factors. In recent years asbestos has appeared as one of the most worrying carcinogenic agents among all the industrial pollutants. That is why the European Commission and the World Health Organisation have classified it in the first level of pollutants. . . . The latency period for mesotheliomosis (a type of tumour connected with asbestos) is very long: 30 to 40 years.

In this context the discovery of asbestos fibres which were detectable via a conventional microscope in 15 out of 29 extremely well-known brands of French red table wines was most alarming. The UFC then proceeded with more complicated and expensive tests, using an electronic microscope, and was only able to complete an examination of ten brands in time for the October publication. The electronic method nevertheless enabled them to quantify the number of these fibres in a very precise manner. Results showed that seven out of the ten contained asbestos in enormous quantities – between two and 40 million fibres a litre. Thus, in millions of fibres per litre, a table was established: the 'top brand' (40 million fibres a litre) was Margnat Village, followed by Cramosay (16 million), Vin des Rochers (15 million), Valri (11 million), Granvillon (9 million), and so on.

Having established these figures the UFC were able to give them dramatic point by comparing their results with the reactions of the American federal authorities to asbestos tracings in bottled drinks or the water supply. In Duluth, for example, the discovery that a reservoir contained asbestos

fibres on a scale less exact than the UFC's own – the level was quantified at between one and 30 million fibres per litre – was enough for a federal decision forbidding consumption of the water. The initiative there was nothing to do with consumer protests. It was taken automatically by the federal authorities themselves. Thus, their tests completed, the UFC issued a demand that all asbestos filters should be banned immediately in French wine production, and directed it to the relevant French authorities: the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Agriculture, and the government secretariat which is responsible for consumer affairs.

At the time of writing none of these has committed itself at all – all they have said is that they have seen the results and are considering them. However, thanks to a decision which has just been taken by the major French wine-producing combines, the official reaction now becomes to some extent academic. The wine-producers have contested the UFC findings and there is a possibility that they may start legal action. Some asbestos fibres were detected in wines which, so the manufacturers claim, do not employ asbestos filtering. There are many sources of disagreement. But one essential point – the essential one – has been settled: an immediate suspension of filtering processes using asbestos.

François Lamy, editor of *Que Choisir?* commented, in the immediate haze of euphoria, with admirable restraint. It was, he said, 'a most unusual recognition by the manufacturers of the power of the French consumer'. Various campaigns in the past, notably one dealing with defective motor-bike helmets, had ended successfully, but only after months or years of effort. On this occasion the UFC had attained their basic aim in a matter of days after publishing their results. The wine-producers had been aware of the potential problem for some time; indeed, there exists a special commission at the Ministry of Health whose job is to keep a watching brief on everything to do with asbestos in industry. It was the initiative from the consumers' association, and the possible commercial threat from consumers themselves, which led to so swift an answer.

All this then is unusual, and runs counter to the conventional wisdom – a chance which is further underlined by the spectacular growth of the UFC itself. In 1975 they had established 27 local unions throughout France. This year the total has grown to 73. The consumer magazine has a readership of getting on for two million. Its activities, of which the asbestos affair is only the most recent, go some way towards filling the – very large – gap in French journalism, whereby investigative reporting is almost invariably devoted to exclusively party-political ends.

Lest readers detect in this story that sense of comfortable distance often implicit in reports of foreign woes unlikely to afflict our own country, it may be worth adding that most of the wines tested for asbestos content by the UFC are exported. You can buy them, and may well have bought them already, over the supermarket counter. The UFC has done an international good turn. How dire the presence of these

fibres in terms of health remains a matter for medical experts to establish. In the meantime we can at least be sure that the man at the bottom of the bottle in the *métro*

alcohol warning actually died of drinking the real stuff, not through ingesting toxic by-products.

Paris

Donald Gould

Peter Pan Potions

Do you want to remain young, vital and energetic? Would you like to live, if not as long as Methuselah, at least long enough to have a few friends round for a drink and a romp on your 150th birthday? Splendid! There's a book out this week which tells you how to do it. It's called *The Secret of Staying Young* (Pan Original 60p) and it's by a couple of authors named respectively Neil Lyall and Robert Chapman.

Robert Chapman plays the role of what, in the old days, used to be called a 'ghost writer'. He's a professional science journalist. Neil Lyall is currently doing very nicely thank you out of flogging a product called Pollen-B to an eager public. Pollen-B tablets are said to contain a unique mixture of proteins and enzymes which are to be found in the pollen collected by discriminating bees. Lyall says his mixture contains the right amount of the substances needed to prevent the multi-billion population of cells which make up the body beautiful from deteriorating, and running down and becoming a collection of the one-under-par elements which make up the wrinkled envelopes and sad filling of an old body.

Lyall claims to have excellent reasons for his beliefs. He says that he has studied the various circumstances surrounding the lives of the pockets of people in odd corners of the world such as Azerbaydzhan and Vilcabamba where, legend has it, people habitually survive to far beyond the biblical allowance of threescore years and ten, notching up 120, or 130, or even 150 years before relinquishing their hold on this life, and going to meet their Maker face to face.

Lyall claims that in the course of an investigation which, he reckons, must have cost him all of £20,000, he established the fact that, in all these islands of longevity, the people had one common habit. They were all fond of eating what you might call 'rough honey' – honey mixed with the pollen which the busy bees had brought back to the hive.

So, said Lyall, he had uncovered a great truth. It must be that pollen which contained the secret of long life. The pollen was the long sought-after elixir of youth. But, in a scientific age, Neil Lyall was not content to leave it at that. He sought an explanation for the connection between pollen-scoffing and the enjoyment of vibrant health. He zeroed in on that 'unique mixture of proteins and enzymes', and has suggested in the advertisements for Pollen-B, that they are the magical elements in the pills which he flogs for the modest price of £1.12 the 30.

His claims amount to a load of old rubbish. Apart from the fact that there is no

sound reason whatsoever for believing that Neil Lyall's stated faith in the sanitary virtues of the enzymes to be found in pollen has any foundation, such value as they might have for the health of humans would be destroyed by the mere act of swallowing them. Enzymes are proteins. If you swallow a protein it is broken down in the guts by the process of digestion to simple, faceless amino-acids before being absorbed from the guts into the body. So that you get much the same mix whether you enjoy a mouthful of fillet steak, or of Dover sole, or of sweet and sour pork, or of pollen collected by discriminating bees. It is thus a nonsense, and a misleading nonsense, to suggest that swallowing an enzyme can confer upon the consumer any of the beneficial effects which that enzyme is supposed to produce upon the living mechanism of the cell from which it came.

It would be quite unfair to castigate Neil Lyall as though he were something unusual. His approach is practised by some of the biggest concerns in the medicines trade. Pollen-B is only one of a large variety of nostrums which are supposed to endow the user with renewed energy and a marvelously restored capacity for enjoying life. Take, for example, Beecham's Pills (or better not, perhaps). These laxatives are marketed by a vast company which makes all manner of consumables from penicillins to Lucozade. The advertisements for their laxative pills promise that their use will restore vim and vigour.

'Be your real self again' is the bold heading over the picture of a romping mum, or a couple of indecently hearty senior citizens, almost falling out of a railway carriage window as they wave goodbye. 'If sometimes you feel dull, out of sorts, less than your best', runs the copy, 'the cause could easily be constipation'. The suggestion is that constipation is a common cause of tiredness. The fact is that constipation is nothing of the sort. The great Beecham's empire is merely promoting a common fallacy, and this despite the fact that they are a responsible firm and have the money to buy, and do buy, the finest scientific advice available.

Neil Lyall has no such resources, and he could, perhaps, rely upon the excuse of ignorance (an excuse not open to his collaborator, Robert Chapman). And it is certainly not an excuse open to Pan Books, who can easily afford a good opinion. A lot of people may desperately wish to cling to untruths, but it seems wrong that a large and prestigious publishing company should lend itself to the promotion of nonsense.

Profile: Reg Prentice

Centurion of the Centre

There is no ghastlier fate for a politician than to fall victim to his own propaganda. At some point in the prolonged struggle with his constituency party, Reginald Prentice seems to have assumed the role of saviour of democracy and civilisation thrust on him by the Moggist-Levinist 'Centre'. What else can explain a man who turns even on his own protectors and sympathisers in a divided and leftward-moving party, as Prentice recently did in Blackpool? If it was attachment to principle and consistency, then The Word certainly chose an uncharacteristic mouth through which to address a sinful and forgotten people. And, once bereft of the powerful echo-chambers of Fleet Street and Roy Jenkins, the sayings of Prentice began to sound more and more like the crackling of thorns under a pot.

His mistake, which may have the unlooked-for and unwelcome effect of encouraging other right-wing dissenters to keep their counsel, was to combine the politics of a Jenkins with the manners of a Skinner. There never has been anything urbane or tactful about Reg Prentice. Plodding, earnest and at times bovine, with a dash of the Socialist Sunday School for special occasions, he spent his first two decades in politics as one of the Labour movement's priceless workhorses. A scholarship boy who won a free place at Whitgift, an unspectacular demobbed listener at Harold Laski's LSE, a humble toiler for Arthur Deakin's Transport and General Workers Union (which suggests an early lack of naïveté about trade union Tammany) – he had to try three times before getting into Parliament. Only *Tribune* had a kind word to say for the likeable and diligent man who had won the East Ham by-election of May 1957 – and even their solicitude indicated that they had forgotten the 1954 conference speech in favour of German rearmament made by the same man. If it surprised anybody that Prentice soon became heavily engaged on the Gaitskellite side of the question, it certainly did not astonish those who had known him before. His distaste for 'theology' (as he habitually refers to the discussion of ideas) is almost measurable on the Callaghan scale. But he has, perhaps correspondingly, more resilience and reticence than the average drawing-room social democrat. Had it been otherwise, he might never have received the publicity he enjoys today, and might never have featured in the Wilson cabinet of 1974. The story is so absurd that it deserves re-telling.

In November 1972, during the elections for the shadow cabinet, Fred Peart and others were to be heard assuring anybody who would listen that, say what you might about Reg, he was a solid man when it came to opposing the Common Market. Without further ado, he was included on the *Tribune* ticket – nobody seems to have consulted with him – and this, combined

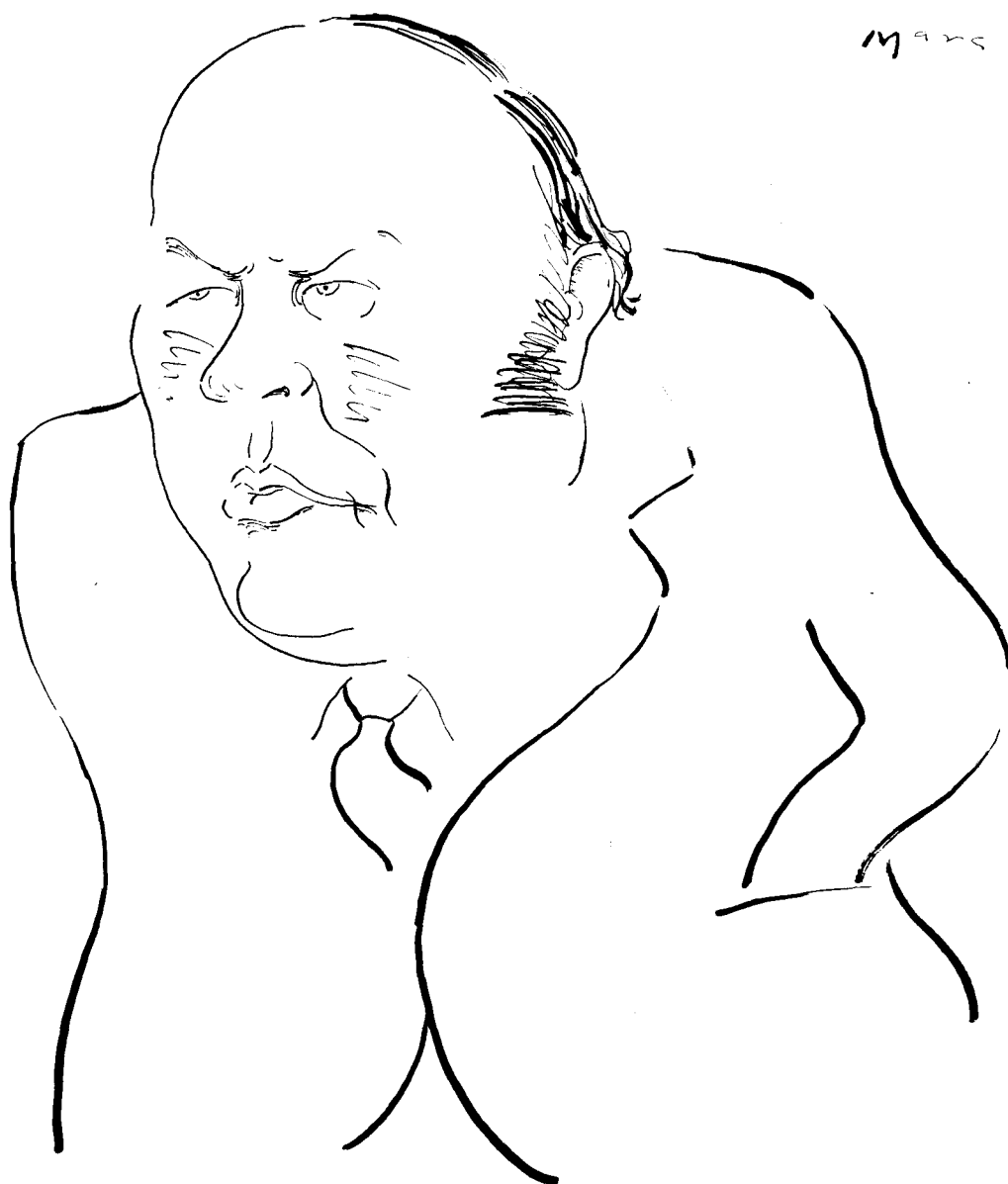
with some old supporters of other persuasions, was enough to take him to number one out of 12 in a list where he had never before entered the first team at all. Interestingly, for all the venom since about his apostate nature, nobody has ever alleged that he was guileful on that occasion. (His subsequent conversion to support of the EEC was slow and pragmatic.)

During the entire retreat from promise and principle which Harold Wilson conducted in the years 1964-1970, he was largely untroubled by resignations. The most unlikely ministers continued to swallow the most extraordinary medicine. Frank Cousins's departure was more of a relief than anything. Let the record show that Reginald Prentice *did* resign, even if in a rather confused and ill-timed fashion. Having held minor posts at Education and Public Works, he was posted to Overseas

Development and discovered enough about the appalling plight of the Third World to be incensed at the idea that Britain's small contribution to its alleviation should be slashed in the short-term interest of sterling. Wilson's effort to shift him sideways (to Benn's expanding Technology Ministry) was messily stymied by Prentice's resignation after three days at his new desk. This act of humanitarian impulse, with its matching hostility to the EEC as 'a rich man's club', gave him a store of credit in the movement which lasted for some years.

His friends and enemies still agree about the subsequent period. He certainly wrote an improbable article in the *Political Quarterly*, published shortly before the 1970 election, in which he argued that Labour under Wilson made 'too many concessions to middle-of-the-road opinion', and cited immigration, Vietnam and other issues as examples. Yet in the relevant moments, he had done what he now jeers at others for doing, and 'kept his head below the parapet'. (To add that he now allies with the very people who most encouraged these retreats and concessions might be superfluous).

Prentice had never been a Wilson man, and he had not always seen eye to eye with the trade union 'bloc' in the PLP.



In 1963, he had defected to the Callaghan camp after a loud exchange of views with George Brown, who treated the TGWU group of MPs (including Prentice) as a personal fief. Yet this prickly resistance to being shoved around was a courtesy Prentice only extended to himself. He did not protest at the withdrawal of the whip from MPs who took the opposing view to his own; indeed, he flourished under the general initial Wilson relaxation of PLP discipline and even his later resignation was soon forgiven. With Labour back in Opposition, he was soon made shadow spokesman on employment. Here his feeling about trade union questions appears to have become dominant. When the Tories jailed five dockers and then freed them under mass pressure from an angry Labour movement, Prentice spoke out against dockland and union lawlessness and immediately lost the services of his junior spokesman, Eric Heffer. If there was any one point at which Prentice began to move 'out of sync' with the trend of Labour feeling, this was it.

The Tories did not long survive their attitude to the trade unions, and Labour returned to power without any noticeable condemnation by Prentice of the 'irresponsibility' of the National Union of Miners. The fierce atmosphere of the time had, however, brought an influx of young enthusiasts into various constituency Labour parties, among them Newham North East. They were made very welcome.

As the new Minister of Education, Prentice played a typically straight bat on comprehensivisation, and incurred much hostility. Occasionally, his blunt and basic philistinism showed through, as when he announced that he would not regret any university selling off its art treasures. But the mild *frisson* caused by this was as nothing to that evoked by a deliberately scripted remark which he made during the closing stages of the Common Market referendum campaign. Speaking on a platform with, of all possible people, Edward Heath, Prentice announced that he had been impressed with the degree of unity among 'moderates' of all parties during the campaign, and hoped that it could persist. Those bewildered by the degree of antipathy he generates today should remember not only the speech, but the air of sturdy bafflement he maintained when the storm broke over his 'sensible' idea. There are many people more right-wing than Reg Prentice in the Parliamentary Labour Party. What distinguishes them from him is not, as he likes to suppose, their bashfulness about revealing the fact, but their insistence that there is no common ground with the Tories. Once cross that line, and there is no return.

Another mistake that such MPs do not normally make is the deadly one of letting their feelings about 'the rank and file' show. When there was widespread anger about the use of conspiracy law against pickets ('The Shrewsbury Two') Prentice announced that he did not share the view that they were working-class heroes. Impatient of repeating this opinion, he refused to meet a delegation from local activists during a lobby of Parliament on the issue. From then on, it was all downhill. Not even his suggestion that unions might 'welsh' on the social contract (which caused dust to be

kicked up by the dimmer unions and the duller Welshmen) had made him so thoroughly disliked and suspected. The rest is history: a boring and repetitious history of credential challenges from the Upton Park bus garage union, membership figure challenges from the Socialist Educational Association, existence challenges directed at the Co-operative Party. Not one of the platoons of Labour's ghost army but lodged a protest or appeal of some kind.

At one point, no less than 12 Cabinet Ministers and 180 Labour MPs declared their support for his cause. It is idle to wonder how many today would do the same. Prentice has discovered the fickleness of the 'moderates'. He has failed to recognise that not all his opponents are 'Johnny-come-lately Trotskyists'. He sees himself as the lone purveyor of unpalatable truths, but has taken on the tone of a platitudinous moral re-armed.

Jeremy Bentham

The Law as Defendant

Never before in modern times have lawyers exhibited such strong feelings of being threatened. Hitherto the oft-repeated claim that the law was an ass has been deftly avoided with an easy disdain. But it is not the iniquities, inequalities and inequities of the law that have aroused the legal profession to a new brand of defensiveness. It is the very institution of the profession that is feared to be at stake. And lawyers may be right to fear it.

It is not the profession's failure to ward off the setting up of a Royal Commission that arouses fear; nor is it the members of the Commission who are suspected of being all too eager to dismantle one of the sacred foundations of our society. It is that lawyers are reacting sharply and healthily to the cumulative assault mounted over a number of years on both their restrictive practices and their studied detachment from the growing demand that lawyers should understand and adapt to the social circumstances in which they exist.

Mr David Napley's presidential address at the Law Society's annual conference in Torquay last week is as good an index of professional outrage at the public assault as one could find. His dire prognostications for the future freedom of the profession are as crude as anything that has emanated over the years from out of the mouths of politician-doctors. If you are paid by the state, so he argues, there is a correlation between the extent of and reliance upon public remuneration with the degree of professional dependence on the payer. In short, the piper calls the tune. If there is any analogy with the medical profession it is that unionisation of unqualified staff – the barristers' clerk or the legal executive in the solicitors' office – will present a more potent threat to professional independence of action than any supposed interference from the governmental paymaster. There is in truth no fear for professional integrity from any restructuring of the profession. It is the profession's own inertia and lack of accommodation to social needs that so far has provided the greatest threat to professionally unwelcome reform.

The legal profession emerged into the 20th century as elite guardians of professional interests. The paramount objective of this elite was to structure the legal profession—its admissions, ethics, discipline and services

– to serve the political and economic interests of its members and their restricted clientele. The response of elitist lawyers to the social changes wrought by industrialisation, urbanisation, two world wars, the welfare state, immigration and the social ferment of the last few years has been meagre, or at the very least wholly inadequate. They have preserved their status by stratifying the profession according to class, race and sex, and by restricting their clientele to those who could pay for their services themselves or to those few who qualified for a limited state-aided system. The recent burgeoning of neighbourhood law centres has been a notable exception.

If English lawyers have not yet attained anything like the unenviable reputation of their American counterparts, culminating in the lawlessness of Watergate lawyers – how many of those implicated with Richard Nixon were reared and nurtured in the traditions of the common law? – that has been achieved because the elitism has retained its high professional integrity. But elitism has entailed an opting-out of the new social order. And now the tension between professional elitism and social democracy is being ruthlessly exposed. Public regulation of the legal profession in the public interest is an inevitable concomitant of public dissatisfaction with the services presently rendered almost exclusively to the propertied classes. (What lawyer in private practice has even the barest nodding acquaintance with the myriad of provisions dealing with social security?)

Lawyers, if they wish to avert what they see as a disastrous erosion of their status and methods, must respond to a new public responsibility. It is a responsibility that is owed to every citizen, rich or poor, privileged or socially disadvantaged. This is all redolent of what G. K. Chesterton once wrote. The horrible thing about all legal officials, even the best, he said – and he was referring to judges, magistrates, barristers, solicitors and those engaged in the administration of justice – was not that they were wicked (some of them were good); not that they were stupid (some of them were quite intelligent); it was simply that they had got used to it. Lawyers today are learning that to serve only a limited class in society – which is what they are used to – is no longer acceptable.

American Diary

□ The presidential election campaign may be in full swing but it's not exactly visible – except on TV. The new financial law limits each side to \$21.8m. and most of this goes on TV advertising and travelling expenses. The Republicans would certainly like to spend a great deal more (during the last Nixon campaign, in 1972, they had money to burn), whereas the limit is just about what the Democrats have got. Hence the law favours Carter, especially since the unions, who generally support him, are allowed to spend additional cash on canvassing their members. Both sides are wasting little on lapel buttons, car-stickers, posters and billboards. In fact if you want stickers you have to buy them. The chief sign there's an election on are earnest people at street corners, usually women's lib, running registration drives. And anyway, wherever I went it seemed to be raining. A razmattaz I glimpsed on New York's Fifth Avenue turned out, on closer inspection, to be a bedraggled Polish National Day parade. Later, in Central Park, there was a mob of children and young people dressed as Red Indians, bowed down under huge head-dresses of waterlogged feathers. Indians for Carter, I wondered? 'Aw no,' said a bystander. 'I guess they're just making an ethnic point.'

□ Of the four chief actors, Dole, the Republican vice-presidential runner, is the most entertaining, with a line of dry humour which contrasts pleasingly with Carter's mechanical smile (his son, also campaigning, has exactly the same toothy grin). Mondale and Ford are both poor speakers, and Carter, though formidable at times, lacks the common touch. The wives have been on the trail too, with the forthright and likeable Betty Ford giving the President a distinct advantage. Joan Mondale is dismissed as 'a suburban Baez with gold shrimp ear-rings'. Rosalynn Carter, reputedly a major influence on her husband's thinking, has aroused respect among hardened reporters, but also a certain acerbity. 'There's something scary,' wrote the lady from *Village Voice*, 'about a person who, while sprouting a lot of smiles, never gets her hazel eyes in the same shimmering sync, instead hardens them into fluorescent lazer beams.' She added: 'Rosalynn may be sweet, but she sure doesn't melt in your mouth.'

□ Most political professionals predict a close result, and a week or so ago it was possible to find some who gave it to Ford. But a state-by-state calculation shows Carter difficult to beat. He is reckoned to have a solid lead in ten states with a total of 84 electoral votes. Ford is reasonably sure of his own state of Michigan, with 21 votes, and in seven others with a total of 25. California (45), where the Carter organisation is in a mess, is said to be 'up for grabs'. The Carter men are also having organisational trouble in New York (41), but the state undoubtedly leans towards him, and Daniel Moynihan, according to a *Newsday* poll, is expected to beat the incumbent

Republican Senator by a landslide. Carter is also reported to be slightly ahead in Ohio (25), New Jersey (17) and Pennsylvania (27). By general agreement, he risks losing Texas (26), once thought to be safe, for his extraordinary attack on Lyndon Johnson in the notorious *Playboy* interview. 'Sure we knew Lyndon was a liar,' said one Texas politico angrily, 'but he was *our* liar.' Even so, the total of states where Carter seems ahead add up to 294 electoral votes, well over the 270 he needs to be President.

□ Conservation and environment issues in all their forms play a big part in this election. From the Right, the gigantic Herman Kahn, an environmental problem in himself, in a speech to the police chiefs of America, attacks the conservation lobby as 'the safety fascists – they'll make you safe whether you want it or not. They'll kill you if necessary.' And he chortles: 'Square values and square politics are in the ascendancy.' He can point, I suppose, to the triumphant progress of Concorde, now a distinct commercial success on the Washington run. The opposition to it in the New York area is collapsing, even in Long Island, which fears Kennedy Airport will decay if it bans supersonics. But in general conservation laws grow steadily tougher.



Visitors to the States wearing leopard skin coats, lizard-skin shoes, or any other garment fashioned from a species classified as 'endangered', are now liable to have them confiscated, and face a fine of up to \$20,000 per article and a year in prison. At Kennedy there is already a storehouse crammed with shoes, coats, tortoise shells and game-trophies. Less controversial is the growing craze for conserving buildings. In Boston, the old Faneuil Hall area of markets and warehouses is being magically transformed into an imaginative shopping precinct, with fruit, fish and vegetable stalls, art shops, speciality food-stores, restaurants, cafés and oyster-bars – all in an 18th-century red-brick setting. Its values are very middle-class, indeed upper-middle-class, but none the less delightful. It might serve as a model of what the wretched Covent Garden area could become. The GLC pundits should take a trip to Boston and see for themselves.

□ Carter's reflections in *Playboy* have at least served to enliven a sluggish campaign,

and inspired a crop of wisecracks: 'Where do you stand on lust?' 'As close to it as I can get.' But I detect signs that the tide of sexual liberation, which once threatened to engulf America in an ocean of porn, is ebbing. While I was in New York, US Customs, led by the formidable Eleanor Suske, grabbed a Japanese film, described as 'a genuine breakthrough for the serious artistic treatment of explicit sex' (Oh yeah?) after watching a film festival preview. The expected uproar did not materialise. In fact arty circles in the city are now engaged, with the help of local authorities, in replacing sex with culture. On the notorious 42nd Street, all the porno establishments west of 8th Avenue have been cleared out, the last one closing down this month. Replacing them are three legitimate theatres, forming an Off-Off-Broadway enclave in the Times Square area.

□ Personally, I've always doubted the theorem that more sex equals more culture equals social progress; it could be the reverse. Sex is not a liberating thing in America; just big business. One blue film, *Behind the Green Door*, which cost \$80,000 to make, has grossed over \$17m., and its star, Marylyn Chambers, has been turned into a 500,000-share public company, at \$2.50 a share. 'There's no other way,' giggles her impresario husband, 'that anybody is going to get a piece of Marylyn.' The other porno-hit is *Sweet Cakes*, starring Brooke and Taylor Young, two 26-year-old former stewardesses from Florida. They are identical twins, and their speciality is twin-sister lesbian incest. An interview in *Screw* magazine describes all the extraordinary things they get up to on film. I was much struck by their answer to the last, exasperated question: 'Is there anything you wouldn't do for money?' 'Oh yes,' said the girls with one accord, 'I don't think I could do a black.'

Paul Johnson

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ But he did admit, reluctantly, that a new book by him is published this week entitled: *It's No Sin to be Rich: a Defence of Capitalism*. 'Not that I am rich,' said Davis, who has homes in London, Brighton, Cannes and the Mediterranean island of Lipari, 'it's just that I think it's time someone stood up for the better-off.' – *Sunday Times* (C. Guthridge)

□ Susie's babies by Margaret Clarkson (Lion Publishing £1.25). The story of Susie the hamster who had eight babies is told simply for children, explaining conception, pregnancy and birth in a positive Christian context. – *Home and Family* (Glen Cavaliero)

□ Police yesterday warned housewives in Hayes-Greenford, Middlesex, about an armed rapist who has attacked women in their homes. He says he is 'from the council'. – *Daily Express* (Werner Haller)

□ Queen Victoria's nightdress is among 260 curiosities the RSPCA plans to sell to raise money for a new home for retired horses. – *Financial Times* (M. Vincent)

University Forum

Malcolm Bowden*

The Essex Safety Valve

I started to feel it quite soon after going (up) to Essex University: I was a guinea pig. I was part of 'Red Brick University Program Q' – devised 20 years ago in an Oxford think-tank, by an economist, a child psychologist and two policemen. Since its inception 15 years ago, Essex University has been notorious as a hotbed of unrest and unrivalled among universities as a target for criticism. Before I describe the troubles that occurred when I was there, let me give some background to the place and expand on the nature of the 'experiment' in which I took part.

If it wasn't, the University of Essex could have been designed as the deliberate mistake that would ensure the relatively trouble-free running of the rest of the expanding higher education sector. Its appearance is grey, dehumanising and unattractive: 'We'll make it cheap, we'll make it ugly, we'll pack it with the trouble-makers, the rejects and the weirdos and we'll let them get on with it.' The location needed to be right. On my weekly visit to the campus I used to pass an undeveloped site where, I learned, the university was originally to be built. 'Why wasn't it?' It was too close to London, I was told. The presence of people in the experiment was clearly seen as essential. Other problems to be resolved: 'How do we get them to go there?' 'Give it the lowest entrance requirement.' 'How do we keep them there?' 'Make sure they don't have to do any work.' 'How do we make it really ugly?' 'Build six 14-storey tower blocks and make 14 of them live on each floor.' 'What do we teach them?' 'That's trickier. Teach half of them science and maths. A quarter literature, economics and history. Have one-eighth graduates and the rest, the "hard core", teach them sociology.' 'No, anything, but *not* sociology.' 'Every movement needs its spearhead, these sociologists will be the advance guard, the fuses on the powder keg.' The grand theory became more comprehensible to me after two lectures on British prison history. The Home Office, I learned, has been undecided for the last hundred years or so as to whether they should disperse or concentrate high risk and violent prisoners. The University of Essex was to be Academia's Devil's Island, the sewer that would keep the rest of the palace smelling sweetly.

The original troubles at Essex University have long since passed into student folklore. Perhaps at this moment they are being faithfully recorded by Essex's favourite sons and daughters, the Angry Brigade. There was the incident, late one night, when a security guard tapped a student on the shoulder while he was in the process of wiring up a plunger to a bomb placed by the campus

bank. Overdrafts are easier to come by these days and students, especially those in the vanguard, are better informed. Easily the most interesting course being run at the university is called the 'Sociology of Deviance'. A student following this course might become knowledgeable, even expert, in the theory and practice of a wide range of deviant activities, prostitution, drug taking, organised crime, homosexuality etc. He might also learn theories of accounts and motivations. Importantly, he will be invited to understand and appreciate these manifestations of deviance as tenable lifestyles, if possible in their native environments, as opposed to adopting a critical and corrective approach as in that scorned discipline, criminology. Much deviance, he will learn, resides in the eye of the beholder, so the focus switches from the freakshow to studying the interaction of groups, e.g. the police and the media versus the mods and rockers. All useful information to one engaged in the twin arts of causing and getting out of trouble.

The most recent troubles at the University of Essex arose out of the student grants campaign. The beginnings were innocent enough, a one-day strike with a march round Colchester and speeches from NUS heavyweights. In the afternoon of the day of action the pace of events accelerated: the speeches had certainly been boring, but I don't believe even the NUS could have been responsible for what ensued. In an adjacent lecture hall an impromptu gathering had assembled featuring the three principal protagonists of the battle to come. There was Will Rich, trench-coated member of the IMG, soft-spoken but a tireless party worker and tactician; Bob (Crusher) Findley, a spastic with a remarkable gift for emotive speech making, either in spite of, or because of a serious speech handicap; thirdly, there was old-Etonian Halford Hewitt, running so fast from his past he'd forgotten to forget he was born a leader of men. 'I propose,' he said after a few lesser mortals had voiced feelings of general discontent, 'that we stop sitting around and that we actually do something. What we need is Direct Action: those in favour?' The motion was passed. 'Halford,' a tremulous voice spoke up, 'what are we complaining about exactly?' I can't remember the precise answer to this question, but it could well have been: 'Don't worry, we'll think of something.' Halford asked if anyone had any bright ideas; the only stipulation was that they should be specific demands. Three were finally picked on, a reduction in prices at the university restaurant, a lowering of selective university rents and a commitment from the administration to provide more accommodation. Four days later, in pursuit of these demands which were made non-negotiable, half the administration's offices were occupied. Bar-

ricades were built, a large sign saying 'Essex Free State' erected and files were ransacked and burnt, including my school report of which the first line read, 'Bowden is an intelligent boy but extremely undisciplined' (if it had been the other way round I might never have got in).

Misjudging the situation with precision, the authorities, or those who weren't lecturing elsewhere on the merits of progressive education, or in the case of the Vice-Chancellor doing both, saw fit to obtain a High Court possession order naming nine students including the 'big three'. These nine and others were also informed they would be facing university charges for disrupting lectures, causing damage etc. This was a decisive factor in keeping the occupation alive for 23 days, approximately 23 times longer than any previous Essex occupation. A fourth demand was also added to the list that there should be no victimisation. Inside the occupation, once the situation had been stabilised, the usual patterns of Essex student life quickly asserted themselves. The politicos continued to be political, beer drinkers drank beer, the film society showed films and everybody abused drugs much as before. After a week the number of occupying students had declined considerably. After two weeks you could have had a three-piece suite to yourself. With the end of term approaching, a tactical retreat was finally decided on and Round Two, or Six, or 26 depending on your perspective was postponed till the following academic session.

Next term, when the first student was sentenced, the president of the Union complained that this was 'grossly unfair' as she had been at the occupation for 20 out of the 23 days and had not even been charged. That night a meeting was held to decide tactics. After two hours there had been calls for an all-out strike and further occupations, but enthusiasm for these measures was plainly lacking. Then our leader took the microphone and asked us how we felt about picketing the university. Waving our union cards above our heads we said yes – this was certainly different: could blocking the access road and preventing supplies entering the university bring the place to its knees? Why waste words? Let's find out.

For the first couple of days people were interested to see what these supplies were, upon which the university depended, but after turning back and leafleting a bread-van or two, the average student realised he wasn't radically changing the face of Western civilisation. Then came the showdown. One morning the police arrived in force to remove the barricades. An alert was sounded – 'Come on lads, let's get down there, if we're quick we might make the *World at One*.' That glorious day 90 students were arrested and charged with the medieval offence of unlawful assembly. In universities up and down the country, students heard about us and yawned and in the Oxford think-tank the two policemen congratulated themselves: 'Thank God for those bloody students down at Essex University.'

University Forum, a students' column, a platform for all those involved in higher education, will appear each week. Contributions, from home and abroad, should be sent to the Editor.

*Malcolm Bowden finished a sociology course at Essex University this summer.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Crystal Balls

Care to disturb yourself by hearing the latest long-range weather forecast? Very well then. Here goes. 'There will be showers, sometimes heavy, sometimes light, interspersed with clear periods. Slow-moving depressions will move slowly this way and that. Conditions to the east of the Pennines will not be all that dissimilar from what may be expected on the west of the Pennines. Troughs will fill up only when they're good and ready to do so.' There now, that just about covers everything. This forecast comes, not from the Air Ministry roof or the London Weather Centre (with dear Barbara Edwards forcing out a gallant smile at journey's end) but from a quarter that has shown itself to be every bit as reliable. I refer to the bunch of Teignmouth seaweed that hangs here in the hall at 'Myrtlebank', its long tentacle-like brown pennons, when blowing about and seen in a half-light, startling impressionable guests out of their wits (they think it's an octopus looking keenly round for its dinner). Its rubbery nodules, now damp, now dry as a bone, have done Trojan service for years and this summer kept pace, completely accurately, with that hottish spell of June, July, August. Further forecasts on request.

The only thing to be said in favour of the future is that we don't, thank God, know what's coming our way, though one could safely bet on there being somewhere a bursting cornucopia of assorted nastinesses eagerly waiting to shower its horrid self down on us. The foolhardy and those who can't leave well alone flock to seaside piers and require gypsy-like ladies, sheltering in booths and with barbaric ear-rings jangling and usually called 'Olga', to gaze deep into their crystal contraptions and spill the beans. Their fees are modest enough (there's a small additional charge for reading a sticky palm and announcing excitedly that you're going to get a letter) but the best financial bargain in this sort of field is achieved by the million or so who yearly lay out the sum of 10p in order to discover what Old Moore in his Almanack ('Beware of imitations!') has been able to dream up in the shape of things to come. By way of striking a cheery, comforting note and creating confidence from the start, Mr Moore (and I can't call him 'Old Moore', which sounds far too familiar a form of address from somebody who was born in 1910 to somebody who was 'founded' in 1697) modestly lists some past forecasting triumphs – the Paris air disaster, the atom bomb on Hiroshima, the Arab oil crisis, the General Strike of 1926, and, for good measure, the Abdication. He doesn't actually mention the Titanic but one senses that all through 1912 he was counselling everybody to stay on dry land.

And don't imagine for a moment that he is running out of disasters. There are plenty

more where those came from. When reviewing 1977 Mr Moore provides worrying pictorial messages to illustrate and accompany the already sufficiently unsettling text. January alone shows an ominously silent nuclear power station (reactor conked out? Radioactive personnel all gone home? Tea-break?), tanks chugging through burning oil rigs ('Coups in Iraq'), and a terrifyingly violent explosion simply labelled 'Nato'. February is no better – a newspaper placard saying 'Emergency Powers Possibility' (clever Mrs Thatcher off to a fine start, obviously), a jiggling map of Europe as though in the grip of an earthquake ('Tension'), and a top-hatted City gent squatting grumpily outside some firmly closed doors ('Bank Collapse'). On we go, our spirits sinking – North Sea oil sabotage, widespread strikes, 'India Loses a Leader' (ah!), Belgrade shaking all over, a British delegate getting snubbed by the EEC, widespread flooding, stock market frauds and, just in time for Christmas, 'severe rumblings' (more than likely) coupled with 'Trade Union Funds Scandal'. Nervy, jumpy stuff, as you see, not that Mr Moore's varied activities in 1697 and the years following were all that calming (Death of Racine, War of the Spanish Succession, Blenheim, and the Tory Government of 1710).

By no means all in the 64-page brochure is gloomy prediction. Mr Moore kindly lets up from time to time and shows an altogether brighter side by popping in some attractive advertisements. We are just trying to recover from the onslaught of Spring ('Major Explosions') when, hey presto, here is the Aquarian Press offering a fine selec-

tion of tempting volumes. There is *Experimental Magic* (how to contact spirits with the aid of a simple, everyday kitchen implement, and how to 'call cash to you' and then become invisible, two of the handiest imaginable knacks). *Astral Doorways* encourages faint-hearted old you and stick-in-the-mud me to make that astral journey we've been dreaming of for so long, while *Creative Visualisation* announces itself proudly as being an occult technique 'for obtaining all the things you want' which, in my case, would be delivered, I trust, in a plain van. No 'mysterious jargon' to learn, apparently, 'utterly practical' and can be snapped up for a mere £1.95. While lady readers are waiting for their occult techniques to get going ('Drat the thing! I think it's stuck'), they can feast their eyes on the various advertisements for enhancing their attractions and leading to fuller lives – turtle oil cream for smearing on almost anywhere, boxes of 'Vivacity Pills' for that exciting cheese-and-wine 'do' at the Hendersons', and a course of 'Slenderettes' for the body beautiful.

Treading carefully and making full use of the warning phrase 'It is likely that . . .', Mr Moore branches out all over the shop – Greyhound Racing Numbers Forecast, lighting-up times for 1977, a list of the principal fairs (for gypsy readers?) and, in cosmopolitan mood, your 'Dutch turnips and German greens'. Though one is occasionally baffled by what to me is indeed mysterious jargon ('Saturn moving through Leo to be joined by Mars'), there are up-to-the-minute helpfulnesses on all sides, in particular a section on Inflation and How to Cope with It. Here we divide up into our birth signs. As a Taurean, I find that I have to 'make do with mediocrity for a while' (no novelty, in my case), having already been told that on the very day of my next birthday in May I must 'pay cash for everything' (but, Mr Moore, dear, are you mad?). Also supplied are 'Postal Rates and Information, liable to alteration by the Post Office at short notice'. The thought that they might ever be altered for the better, never even crosses one's mind.

To Overseas Readers

If you would like to read the NEW STATESMAN every week but find it difficult to obtain regularly from news-stands outside the UK, we invite you to take out a subscription for a year or six months. Airmail copies arrive within two or three days of publication.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS: 15 PER CENT INTRODUCTORY DISCOUNT

Airmail Subscriptions: One Year

	Full rate	Introductory
Europe	£17.50	£14.80
Middle East	£19.00	£16.10
Africa, India	£20.00	£17.00
Australia, NZ,		
Far East	£21.00	£17.80
USA, Canada	\$40.00	\$34.00

Six months rates are half these

You may pay by sterling or dollar cheque, or by International Money Order. Please complete the form and send it with your remittance to:

Subscriptions Supervisor,

New Statesman,

Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ

Name.....	Period: Year/6 months
Block letters please Address.....	Start date.....
.....	I enclose £

Letters to the Editor

The Plutonium Economy

Sir, Mr Norman Atkinson ('In Defence of a Plutonium Economy' NS 1 October) is in error if he thinks the fast breeder will provide the answer to Britain's energy problems. Present estimates of the doubling time (the period required for the FBR to produce enough fuel for another reactor, including the fuel cycling period etc) are well outside the previously predicted 7-15 years; it seems it could well be as long as 20-40 years. This presents the problem of the large gap between the exhaustion of uranium supplies in thermal reactors and the provision of energy by a network of FBRs, even assuming such a programme could be started right now.

More seriously, Mr Atkinson states: 'As for the spread of backyard atom plants, surely international agreement is feasible for the restriction of reprocessing plants to three or four international centres.' France and other countries are attempting to get into the nuclear export game in a big way. Pakistan and Iran will be supplied with reactors and *reprocessing facilities* under the terms of recent agreements; South Africa and Libya are to have French reactors and only US intervention prevented a deal with South Korea from going through.

Finally, Mr Atkinson's view that 'Of all the dangers listed, all of them can be ultimately overcome if the engineering involved is kept to a very high standard' is best answered by A. Lovins (*Non-Nuclear Futures*, p.13): 'International experience of non-catastrophic errors and malfunctions at many stages of the nuclear fuel cycle demonstrates impressive human ingenuity in overcoming fool-proof systems and in inventing new kinds of mistakes. Some analysts infer from this experience that describing nuclear safety problems as "amenable to engineering solution" confuses the way things are with the way we should like them to be.' Similarly, A. Kneese ('The Faustian Bargain' in *Resources* 44:1) says: '... to use fission technology safely, society must exercise great vigilance and the highest levels of quality control, continuously and indefinitely. As the fission economy grows, many plants will be built and operated in countries with comparatively low levels of technological competence and a greater propensity to take risks. A much larger amount of transportation of hazardous materials will probably occur and safety will become the province of the sea captain as well as the scientist. Moreover, even in countries with higher levels of technological competence, continued success can lead to reduced vigilance.'

Mr Atkinson comes to his conclusions 'from my discussions with engineers and my reading of their papers'. Exactly!

R. B. BACKHOUSE

Ararimu Valley Road
Waimauku
New Zealand

Sir, Norman Atkinson displays that touching and naïve faith in human nature which seems to characterise so many socialist proponents of the plutonium economy. He says: 'If we can't afford to engineer our nuclear plant and the fuel cycle to the highest possible standards with absolute safety then we should stop the whole development now. But we can ...'

Absolute safety does not, and cannot, exist. In order that a nuclear power plant should be absolutely safe the designers must foresee all possible problems and find solutions for them. This they simply cannot do since they are not omniscient; neither, incidentally, can security organisations be omnipotent. Unlimited funds

may improve the situation but cannot solve it and, as Mr Atkinson ought to know, the economy of the UK could not withstand the massive public spending required. Since we have neither unlimited knowledge nor unlimited funds a significant level of risk must always be involved.

Mr Atkinson's resilient faith in humanity reappears when he comes to consider the problem of reprocessing: 'As for the spread of backyard atom plants, surely international agreement is feasible for the restriction of reprocessing plants to three or four international centres ...' With the enlightening experience of international agreements on arms limitation and non-proliferation to judge by it is hard to take this kind of argument seriously, even if we assume that Pakistan's newly acquired reprocessing plant is to become part of one of the international centres.

Finally, we are informed that 'nuclear power is environmentalism at its best'. Are we to assume that deliberately releasing radioactive gas into the atmosphere is good environmentalism? Is the rapid increase of 137 Cs in North Sea fish a sign that the good environmentalists of Windscale are caring for us? Is creating the most dangerous waste material in the world without knowing how to dispose of it the hallmark of good environmentalism?

The problem with nuclear power is that at first sight it looks attractive. The difficulty is to climb off cloud-cuckoo land, out of the nuclear-engineered ivory tower, and to come to grips with reality.

P. S. BELTON

28b Bidston Road
Oxton, Birkenhead

The NUS's Defence

Sir, Peter Butterworth's article 'NUS - Your Union?' (NS 8 October) forms a poor start to your new 'University Forum' column. The article was wrong in many respects:

- (1) It is not true that the ratepayers are subsidising our service companies; these are separate from our subscription income.
- (2) It is not true that services cannot be debated by motions at our national conferences - our next conference will have just such a debate.
- (3) It is not true that our flight destinations are determined from political rather than commercial considerations.
- (4) It is not true that any of our companies' audited accounts were withheld from the membership while they could have been made available.
- (5) It is not true that the changes to the NUS constitution which the Brown duet wished to make were frustrated by the current constitution, which requires a two-thirds majority for changes, which is standard practice. The changes were frustrated by the fact that only a trivial number of delegates wished to support them.

It is quite possible to judge whether the British Student Association personnel might have run the NUS better in the last five years. Their 'serious and effective critique of the financial record' is no more than a restatement of successive reports to our national conference. The record of these individuals in running their own student unions demonstrates a record of incompetence difficult to match anywhere.

Your first article would have been better used in cataloguing the very real achievements over recent years in securing cheaper and better services to students, both at times when the

economic circumstances were better and so discounts more difficult to achieve, and also at times when the market is down and cheap facilities are provided by all kinds of dealers.

NUS Travel has maintained a Europe-wide system of student flights, which are a cheap and reliable service for students. We have enabled hundreds of thousands of students to travel abroad who otherwise would have been unable to do so. We have negotiated, two years ago, for students to travel half-fare on British trains and so massively extended student travel opportunities in Britain. The value is shown by the fact that well over 200,000 students annually buy the card. Our insurance company was the first to be able to provide a standard motor policy for students and other young people as well as, recently, a trail-breaking six-month policy. We provide good and reliable basic property and travel insurance which other brokers will not bother to produce. We provide reliable life insurance policies for students to choose when confronted with the vast amount of advertising material which there is at the beginning of the year. We are now providing cheaper good quality consumer goods, negotiated at good rates direct from the manufacturer. We have just begun a national discount scheme (the NEW STATESMAN is on offer, among other good things) which brings real reductions.

In short the record is good, and we are always under great pressure to seek to extend our services. Of course our companies exist in a capitalist world - the fact that they are owned by the NUS does not change that - and are subject to the economic problems of many small companies now. But that has not changed our determination to provide the services which our members need. Sniping and inaccurate attacks, such as that which you have begun, do not help.

CHARLES CLARKE
President

The National Union of Students
3 Endsleigh Street
London WC1

National Government Plea

Sir, Sir Frank Taylor's plea for a National Government (Letters 8 October) mirrors the disillusionment and growing awareness in the country of our predicament and that it is of our own making. The country is crying out for a representative 'Centre' government - but the cries are muted and the potential leaders of such a government have apparently given up in despair. The initiative surely has to come from us, the electorate. If only those of us of this mind (70 per cent of the nation?) would stand up and be counted and let our views and numbers be known, there would be no shortage of competent and dedicated (to the well-being of the nation) politicians to come forward. One doesn't have to look far to spot those who could make up a sensible and effective government. Sensible because it would be more likely to be realistic and objective - and effective because being more representative of the people and their needs it would be more likely to be respected. It is up to us. In a 'democracy' we do, after all, get the government we deserve.

T. E. SIMMS

49 Heaton Grove
Bradford

Sir, Sir Frank Taylor's 'Plea for a National Government' might carry more weight if the firm of which he is managing director did not subscribe many thousands of pounds each year to pro-Conservative and anti-socialist organisations such as Aims for Freedom and Enterprise.

Sir Frank should perhaps be more honest

with your readers and tell them that what he really wants is a National Government with good old Tory policies.

A. E. FURLEY

19 Fyle Close
Bracknell, Berks.

The Trouble with Numbers

Sir, Peter Wilby rightly points out in his article (NS 8 October) on innumeracy that the new syllabuses and approaches to maths are designed to convey the excitement and beauty of the subject. The child is not supposed to be bored by maths, and I would argue that many children no longer suffer the terror of doing maths without any real understanding. But the flaw is that, at the secondary level, specialist teachers expect their pupils to know their tables and to have mastered the basic skills. Without these skills, it soon becomes impossible to appreciate the link between topics or indeed the aesthetics of the subject. And so for a significant minority maths again becomes boring.

The small mathematical knowledge of many primary school teachers, coupled with the end of the 11-plus exam, which gave some idea of the skills expected, has led to situations such as the one which I observed in a primary school recently. The teacher was pleased to have me there because the group had not done any maths for some time and 'quite frankly, I don't understand these sets and things'. I would never argue for the reintroduction of the 11-plus. But I would argue for some indication of the standards expected of primary school leavers, coupled with the common curriculum in secondary schools urged recently by Peter Wilby. And if we are to train fewer teachers in the future, we might as well insist on some mathematical competence as one condition of entry.

IAN WILSON

Prospective Labour Candidate, Southgate
13 Dovey Lodge
Bewdley Street
London N1

Russell and Family

Sir, It would seem somewhat unfair for David Caute (NS 10 September) to review the book by my daughter Kate Tait with no reference whatever to my own book; the more so since both Kate and I wrote of ourselves at certain periods in our lives and not of our lasting relation to one another. Kate has always written well from childhood; my only regret is that this book does not do justice to the mature personality she has become.

David Caute concocts a picture of Bertie's and my school which does not even relate to all Kate says of it. Nor can a school, which ran for 16 years, be estimated by the comments of one pupil for whom it presented very special personal problems. Kate's view is not shared by other members of the family, nor by many pupils and staff. We did not go in for 'crude behavioural conditioning', quite the reverse. The children themselves, in council, took decisions and actions about bullying, of which there was far less than in conventional schools - to judge by the first novels of young ex-public school men. Nor do I recognise the delightful young people in my school as the 'stronger and more sadistic offspring of homes which couldn't wait to get rid of them'.

It is an impertinence for a reviewer, without more information, to imply that our children were estranged from their parents. Kate obviously was devoted to her father; John stood by and cared for him during his divorce from 'Peter' (Spence). Parental love may be vocal and flamboyant, it may also be unassuming and reliable. We did enjoy our holidays together; my children knew that they could count on me to do and give anything

that lay in my power. Since his own marriage broke up, John has lived in my home for more than 20 years; my home has for very many years been open house for my four children, ten grandchildren, and their friends. One of Kate's first acts after her father died was to write and ask if I could come to America, because she needed me. In fact this year, aged 82, for the first time I am free - after 55 years of ministering to three generations of Russells.

After all Bertie was a socialist; it was he who first interested me in the Soviet revolution; he also believed in free love and the Hedaye holiday was his plan not mine. He got richer and I got poorer; does David Caute advocate rearing children in class and cultural snobbery? A woman with a school full of children and four of her own has not much time to spend on elegance or bohemianism. Smoking was a symbol of emancipation for women of my generation; I stopped it more than 20 years ago.

Caute quotes Kate's vision of her father as an 'image of love'; another reviewer saw him as her inspiration for truth. May it not be that such an idol as Bertie was more loved than loving, and that for him truth resided rather in mathematics and philosophy than in his intimate personal relationships?

DORA RUSSELL

Carn Voel
Porthcurno, nr Penzance

Not Even a Quango

Sir, In the interests of accuracy I am writing to correct one sentence in your profile of Lord Harlech (NS 8 October). The writer stated that Lord Harlech 'has held no government office, apart from the sinecure one of being chairman of the British Board of Film Censors, since he ceased to be British Ambassador in Washington in 1965'.

The British Board of Film Censors is an independent organisation, independent of both the government and the film industry, and its president (not 'chairman') is therefore not the holder of a 'government office'. Since the president of the board is responsible for broad general policy, and is consulted by the secretary on all controversial films, the office of president cannot, at least at the present time, be fairly described as a 'sinecure'. As president of the board since 1965 Lord Harlech has made a major contribution, while remaining personally in the background.

JOHN TREVELYAN

8 Rockwells Gardens
London SE19

Palme Dutt and India

Sir, R. Palme Dutt's *India Today* was not published 'in the Thirties', as Mervyn Jones states in his review of Dilip Hiro's *Inside*

NATIONAL UNION OF AGRICULTURAL AND ALLIED WORKERS

In our issue of 3 September 1976 we published a letter which alleged that the National Union of Agricultural and Allied Workers had exercised 'petty tyranny' in causing one of its District Secretaries to write a letter to the press containing a completely false account of an eviction. We have now discovered that this letter was a hoax, and we wish to apologise to the Union for giving currency to a wholly unfounded and damaging allegation. We greatly regret any embarrassment that the Union has suffered as a result.

India Today (NS 8 October), but in 1940. Perhaps Mervyn Jones was thinking of Dutt's earlier work, *Modern India*, published in 1927, which propounded a different political line and is not mentioned in *India Today*.

A biography of sorts of Harry Pollitt has recently appeared. It would be interesting to know if anyone is working on the life of 'R.P.D.' - Pollitt's left-hand man and the most important theoretician of both British and Indian communisms.

BRIAN PEARCE

42 Victoria Road
New Barnet, Herts.

Generous with Facts

Sir, Last week, in the process of adapting my typed reference to 'twenty million dollars' to conform with the Turnstile house-style, the estate of the late Samuel Goldwyn was somehow increased by \$1,980m., rewarding his long-suffering widow with a handsome \$2,000m. Only Goldwyn's fellow mogul Howard Hughes had that kind of money, and he didn't make it from the movies. However, the error might well have pleased the old megalomaniac, who once said upon reading the words 'The directorial genius of Mamoulian, the beauty of Anna Sten and the producing genius of Goldwyn have combined to make the greatest entertainment in the world': 'That is the kind of ad I like. Facts, facts, facts.'

PHILIP FRENCH

62 Dartmouth Park Road
London NW5

Subsidising Freight

Sir, I was disappointed that Jeremy Bugler ('Labour's Own Motor Show', NS 24 September) had fallen for the red herring about goods vehicles not paying their way, with the result that British Rail was losing traffic.

Although it may be true that certain goods vehicles, such as the 32-tonner, do not themselves in taxation cover their attributable costs, the fact is that goods vehicles as a whole more than pay their way. In other words, it is not the taxpayer who is subsidising certain categories of goods vehicles, but other goods vehicle operators.

The link between the EEC drivers' hours and tachograph rules (which come under the heading of social rather than safety legislation) and the transfer of freight from road to rail is hard to fathom. Their application to the UK will make little or no difference to the way in which trade and industry consigns its goods, but will solely put up the total transport bill. This, of course, will in turn be reflected in prices both to the housewife and the foreign buyer.

J. M. GUTTRIDGE

Chief Information Officer
Freight Transport Association
Hermes House
Tunbridge Wells, Kent

Disloyal Support

Sir, May I support Mr Matthew Barry Sullivan in his appeal (Letters, 1 October) for confidential stories about brutal treatment of our German captives in 1939-48? Up till now, he complains, his researches into this episode have been severely hampered; he has found stories of decent treatment 'easier to come by' (possibly because they are more numerous and representative). I am sure your readers will respond. If they don't, the unfortunate Mr Sullivan may miss his chance of dealing a novel and nimble blow at our national pride - a minor blow, true, but every little hinders.

KINGSLEY AMIS

Gardnor House
Flask Walk, NW3

“How can ITT
justify spending
£31 million
on imports?”

There's only one way to justify a big import bill.
An even bigger export total.

Which is exactly what ITT companies in Britain were able to deliver in 1974, when the recent economic recession was beginning to bite.

Selling products as diverse as undersea telephone systems and cosmetics, ITT exports totalled £57 million to set against the £31 million import bill.

In 1975, as business conditions became even tougher, ITT's figures were somewhat different from the previous year's.

Exports up to £68 million.

Imports down to £25 million.

Which is one trade gap ITT will be happy to see grow wider every year.

ITT companies in Britain include: Abbey Life Assurance, Ashe Laboratories, Excess Insurance, ITT Consumer Products, Rimmel, Sheraton, Standard Telephones and Cables and Standard Telecommunication Laboratories.

For further information, including the latest edition of a 20-page publication "Facts about ITT in Europe," please write to 190 Strand, London WC2R 1DU.

The logo consists of the letters 'ITT' in a bold, stylized, blocky font. The 'I' and 'T' are connected, and the second 'T' is slightly offset to the right.

over the discovery of the mass-strike weapon did not lead her to reject the necessity for a vanguard party to lead the revolution. Critics like Stalin or Ruth Fischer (who described her ideas as a 'syphilis bacillus') were wrong to claim that she believed that socialism would arise automatically from capitalism's ruins, or that she was associated from the beginning with Trotsky's notion of permanent revolution.

A sign on the western side of Checkpoint Charlie used to quote her remark that 'freedom is always and exclusively freedom for the one who thinks differently'. She wrote this in 1918, critical of the Bolshevik approach to power in Russia. But Geras can show that these splendid words were not meant as totally as they sound. Luxemburg did not deny that force might have to be used to carry through and defend a revolution (Geras devotes many pages to excoriating anarchists who invoke her to argue that only a libertarian and non-violent movement can produce a libertarian and democratic socialism). She did not oppose Lenin over the use of force, nor over the concept of the dictatorship of the proletariat. What she did say was that the revolution should maintain unlimited democracy and press freedom *up to the point* at which the rule of the proletariat was put in peril. Rosa Luxemburg knew well enough what barbarism would seek to do when it felt its grip loosening. When it battered her skull in, just as when it shot Salvador Allende and in these last days blew Orlando Letelier to pieces, it killed revolutionaries without illusions who had already passed their warning message to their comrades.

Naomi Lewis

Secret Waters

The Autobiography of Arthur Ransome
edited by Rupert Hart-Davis Cape £5.95

'Ransome,' said this legal friend: 'Wasn't he foreign correspondent in Russia in 1917? And didn't he marry Trotsky's secretary?' Memory moves in other directions. Didn't Edward Thomas camp in his London lodgings when both were young literary hacks? Wasn't Ransome brought to court by that obsessional litigant Alfred Douglas for his study of Oscar Wilde? Yes, to all of these; we learn too that Ross (on the last) had lent him the complete *De Profundis*. No wonder the tindery Douglas raged. Devoted readers of Ransome's children's books have been known to lift an astonished eyebrow that this most English of writers should also be the author of *Old Peter's Russian Tales*. They would not be the only ones to find much that is wildly unexpected in Ransome's *Autobiography*. Set down between 1949 and 1961, it remained unpublished until the recent death of his widow Evgenia ('the tall jolly girl' whom he first met in 1917, 'to whom I owe the happiest years of my life'). No printed biography so far exists.

The childhood of Arthur Ransome (1884-1967) was not deprived, as the word is used, but it was burdened. Son of a history professor at Leeds, a brilliant academic who had made his way by scholarships, he was the awkward oldest of four, and the unlucky subject of his father's experiments – being thrown into deep water, for instance, to make him swim. An irresponsible grandfather, a butterfly of schemes and inventions, who had ended by marrying his children's nurse and starting a new young family, had left his son with a load of debts and cares. That son was Arthur's father, who dreaded to see any signs of the flibbertigibbert in his oldest boy. On the other hand, the sharing of his own leisure passions – for fishing, for sailing and for the Lake District – was obligatory. The screams of a wounded hare discouraged Arthur from the further sport of shooting. But fish do not scream, and so their pursuit, which began as a filial appeasement, became a life's addiction. The peripherals of education are never to be despised. Sailing and fishing, the chess that he learnt in infancy from his grandmother ('argument without words'), the skating learnt from a kindly foreigner, Prince Kropotkin, who chanced to be staying near Leeds, his own devotion to Hazlitt and to fairy tales – all would in time be keys to vital doors.

There was a reason for Arthur's feeble performance at school work and at games. He had scraped into Rugby (where he fagged for R. H. Tawney, 'an admirable employer of labour') before anyone realised that he was almost blind from shortsightedness. Only, by now his father was dead, through his own form of spartan obstinacy. A disregarded broken ankle (acquired when night fishing) resulted in amputations, at foot, at knee, at thigh. We watch the admonitory role being taken over by Arthur's mother; young Ransome dutifully enters Leeds as a science student. But the stunning discovery of Mackail's *Life of Morris* wipes out all the years of parental theory. He writes to a London publisher (Grant Richards), secures a job at eight shillings a week and is soon, in a modest way, supporting himself by literary journalism. Clive Bell, whose mother is a friend of Arthur's aunt in Wiltshire, shows him over Paris. He gets a room in Chelsea. He is in, and of Bohemia.

Bohemia brings him trouble. A chapter called 'Disasters' includes a hurried view of his mad first marriage, to a dramatic vamp named Ivy; she lives in a vivid fantasy world of adultery, murder and scandal in which she and Arthur, their families and friends, have leading parts. When even that prince of lawyers George Lewis cannot procure a divorce, Arthur sets off on a roundabout route to Russia, no easy place to enter even in 1913. At Stockholm he calls to deliver a letter to Strindberg's daughter from her mother in London. Though a total stranger, the young woman pulls him inside to help her pack and run away. 'I was running away myself and could sympathise.' He's the *naïf*, the true folk-hero, with the innocent's gift for surviving against all odds.

His chance metamorphosis into foreign correspondent irresistibly suggests at the start the pages of Evelyn Waugh. He has come out to Russia in search of fairy tales

(as well as in flight from Ivy). He has been using as *laissez-passer* a letter from the London Library sternly requesting the return of overdue books. But before long he is thoroughly seasoned, leaping forbidden trains, mastering languages (by his own quaint method), attending every meeting to which he is given a pass. He amiably argues for hours with Trotsky, Lenin and other giants. He's at Lenin's funeral, too, when the day is so bitterly cold that the faces of the soldiers on guard are greased. The chief of police, a Siberian, scorns such weakness. He loses the flesh of his cheeks and chin from frostbite.

Ransome was to work in Russia from 1914 to 1924. For all its confusion and patchiness, this part of the book, an on-the-spot piece of history, is not to be overlooked. He sent despatches both to the radical *Daily News* and to Garvin's far from radical *Observer*; he seems to have held as well an unofficial brief from the Foreign Office, though the F.O. seems not to have liked his news. A maverick or independent, whose reports run counter to those of his fellows, can be a vexation to colleagues at one end and employers at the other, and this was Ransome's story. It never does to be right at the wrong time. 'Intervention,' he notes, years later,

had fanned into flames the embers of a civil war that, but for us, would have ended almost the moment it began. The evils of that disastrous policy are with us yet.

'Mine has not been a life of consistent effort towards a single end,' writes Ransome in his Postscript. 'It seems to me that I have been like a shuttlecock bandied to and fro by lunatics. I seem to have lived not one life but many.' But was he wholly right? The zigzag leaps may seem bizarre, but they have their logic. The Swallowdale stories are not a matter of chance. Unlike many authors of classic books for the young, he never regarded them as merely a variant on his main adult work. Far from it. His quest had always been for the secret of writing narrative. Though a hundred stories could be plucked from his Russian period, for him nothing there – other than fairy tales – held the fictional spark. But however winding the path, *Swallows and Amazons* and the rest stand firmly at the end. Not that he cared very much for children. The famous six themselves, he admits, were based on a daydream group, long wandering in his mind.

To write these tales he turned his back on income and prestige. Even the offer of £1,000 to translate into English *And Quiet Flows the Don* was not to stand in the way. Nor did his publishers perceive what the stories meant to Ransome. All right, they were willing to take on *Swallows and Amazons*; what they really wanted, though, were his collected essays. But a voice that rings in the opening pages of *Swallows and Amazons* goes further back than any of Ransome's travels: BETTER DROWNED THAN DUFFERS IF NOT DUFFERS WON'T DROWN. That other distant father's voice is unmistakable. Well, Arthur had not drowned, in spite of stormier waters than his father could have foreseen, and the books are his evidence. A flag of defiance? A tribute? A triumph? Something no doubt of all.

James Fenton

The Metropolitan Poet

Britannia Bright's Bewilderment in the Wilderness of Westminster by CLIVE JAMES
with illustrations by Marc Cape £1.95

There was a time when poets lived in London, and sometimes wrote about London as well. Then English poetry wound up its public assets. It retired to Horatian villas and farms. It cultivated a provincial tone. It trusted itself in Hull, but when it stepped off the London train it lost its voice. If it wanted a platform, it set up its platform in Liverpool; but for the most part it eschewed public appearances. It lived in wild, cruel and somewhat unlikely landscapes, inhabited by wild, cruel and somewhat unlikely people. London tried to call back the poets; it offered them grants and festivals at which to read. The poets came to take the money; they read their works, they blued the money, they got drunk and were unfaithful to their wives; always they returned to their wattled cabins, their nine bean-rows and their bee-loud glades.

Mr Clive James set out to change this lamentable state of affairs. After *The Metropolitan Critic* came the Metropolitan Poet, and we can date his conception from the NEW STATESMAN 8 February 1974, when, after reviewing in verse Mr John Fuller's verse epistles, Mr James wound up with the suggestion that, if he Mr James could do it, it couldn't be as difficult as Mr Fuller had made it look. 'It', in this case, was the Burns stanza, which Mr Fuller had just revived with such panache. Now the Burns stanza is a delightful thing; it can easily become obsessive; once you start thinking in those rhythms and line lengths, you find it very difficult to stop. You get up from your work, you take a stroll in the park, you take a bus – and behold! Everybody is talking in the Burns stanza. You read the Business Pages, and they too are written in the Burns stanza. You realise suddenly that the Burns stanza is a fundamental principle of life.

Mr James was off. Hitherto, apart from his association with the incomparable Pygme, he had published little poetry. No doubt he had volumes, but the volumes had not found friends. Nor apparently did the collection of verse letters that ensued, although they filled out the periodicals, and gave the public warning that Mr James had signed an extraordinary productivity agreement with his Muse. Once again, then, the poet changed course. He had fallen in love with metre and rhyme, but above all he had fallen in love with scale. The obvious thing was – the epic. In less than no time, three of them were produced: *Peregrine Prykke*, *Felicity Fark* and the one under review, *Britannia Bright*. Mr James's success was immediate. He had perceived a great truth – that the public would rather be entertained than bored to death. He deserved the reward he got. The volumes have sold well. They are attractively pro-

duced and illustrated. Marc's drawings for *Britannia Bright* will be familiar to NS readers. Only two of them (those of Paul Johnson and William Whitelaw) seem to me to fall short of the excellent. Marc has invented a style as distinctive as that of David Levine, a style which relies almost entirely on clarity of line. His Edward Heath captures a hunted quality which no other cartoonist seems to have noticed.

It is now high time, however, that somebody took Mr James by the scruff of the neck and gave him a good shaking. For the latest work shows that he has not bothered to expunge the faults of the earlier ones. Indeed, the faults are more glaring than ever. *Prykke* and *Fark* had enormous energy and inventiveness, so much that one might almost forgive the crudities, the passages of banal rhyming and bad scansion. *Bright*, which describes a brief flirtation with the world of politics, is all too obviously the product of such a flirtation. Mr James's energy has failed him, as indeed it always will, if something more than energy is not brought to bear on the subject. Here are some of the faults of *Britannia Bright*.

The rhymes are bad. It is true that Mr James's Australian accent produces unfamiliar rhymes for the English reader. That is one of the charms of his work. So Mr James rhymes 'Amis' with 'famous', 'genus' with 'penis', 'pattern' with 'satin', 'littered' with 'permitted'. In Edith Sitwell, Thetis wrote a treatise stating meat is . . . In *Britannia Bright*, 'Thetis' rhymes with 'defeat us'. That is the way Mr James talks. But the rhymes to which I object are those perfect ones which fall with such an obvious thud – 'exotica' with 'erotica', for instance – that they give no pleasure at all:

And now with eager cries the *Fleet*
Street editors
Came crowding in like *Casanova's* creditors.

Well, they would do, wouldn't they?

The Radicals were slowly robbed of will
As if they had been running up a hill.

(Note the miserable 'a', bravely doing its best to keep the final iamb alive.) Mr James can also ruin a good line with a bad rhyme, as in his judgment on Enoch Eunuch:

Behind that flint façade so hieratic
There isn't even a sincere fanatic!

The second line is crisp, almost memorable. It was obviously composed first. Then came the problem – what to rhyme with fanatic? An inappropriate word is chosen, it has to be stretched to fit the scansion, it isn't any good so it is placed first, in an attempt to hide its weakness.

This brings me to the second fault; abysmal scansion. There's a false quantity here for almost every page, but if you turn to the page after the last example you find a corker:

We'll have lunch when I get back
from *Gstaad*.

From one who talks about 'impeccably iambic rhymed pentameters', this is not good enough. What is it? It's a trochaic tetrameter (four feet and a bit), which could perfectly easily have been rephrased in order to scan. 'I'll give you lunch when I get back from *Gstaad*' is not a great line, but it's better.

Turn the next page and you come to a dreadfully contrived passage, which is unfortunate because it should have been a great set piece. The heroine is getting her first glimpse of the Palace of Westminster:

The whole illusion fell flat with a rush
The minute *Britt Bright* got inside
and spotted
Those narcoleptic poseurs sparsely dotted
Around the HOUSE OF COMMONS with their
feet up –
As proud as small boys peeing with the
seat up.

Mr James is obviously floundering here. How can you be narcoleptic and a poseur? Narcoleptic and with your feet up, yes. Proud and a poseur, yes. But not all four. The rhyme 'feet up' has suggested the simile, but the simile (while interesting in itself) is hardly apt for the passage.

The problem may be that Mr James finds Westminster totally uninteresting, and that his heart is not in his work. One can only sympathise. But there was a time, before the poets abandoned the metropolis, when even the dullest of politicians might inspire the best of verse. Dull subjects do not necessarily produce dull poems. Dull poets necessarily do. Pull your socks up, Mr James!

Why Switzerland?

JONATHAN
STEINBERG

Why do millions of tourists pass through Switzerland unaware of the fascinating society beyond the ski-lift or the hotel lobby? In the course of showing the Swiss using languages, voting, serving in their militia and reading newspapers, Jonathan Steinberg offers an account of the way Swiss economic growth has been transformed since 1945. The way the Swiss face the modern world should interest the thoughtful tourist, the businessman, the historian, friends and foes of European federalism and anybody worried about the future of democracy in the West.

£4.95 net



CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY
PRESS

Eric Korn

Nor Iron Bars

The Stationary Ark by GERALD DURRELL
Collins £3.75

Gerald Durrell is not just a James Herriot for people who like animals, but a man with a purpose that has been evolving since infancy – 'zoo', he declares, was his first clearly enunciated word. The title says it all. Where a species is threatened, the zoo can be a temporary asylum from which nature may be restocked; if the habitat has been destroyed, then it must be the last refuge. Thus the zoo becomes first a complex of breeding colonies, secondly a centre for close practical study of diet, health and breeding conditions – though of course this cannot replace studies of wild populations where these are feasible – and only then a place of public education and entertainment. Zoos, and the public image of them, must be transformed if they are not to be parasites on the injured body of the world's fauna; or worse, carrion feeders on the corpse of nature.

Gerald Durrell has a pleasantly nitric pen ('Competent veterinary surgeons you can find; intelligent ones are as rare as unicorns') and has strong and justified resentments about most zoos. But he refrains, cautiously, from giving the names of the wrongdoers, though no doubt the director of the 'zoo' who phoned to say he had a cage x foot by y foot and what animal would fit it please, will recognise himself; and Londoners will find familiar 'free flight cages in which not even a pterodactyl would feel at home' and will know what elephant house is being denounced. (When I last visited that architect's dream and elephant's graveyard all the beasts were shackled 'for their own protection'; one has been stir-crazy for months, more chained by its own stereotyped movement than by the iron, covering its head with straw like some Bedlamite brought out to perform. Yes, I know elephants do this, but I can see the difference between normal behaviour and dementia.)

With far too little money, with proper humility ('in the country of the blind, even a white stick is a start towards the acquisition of knowledge'), and no elephants or giraffes, Durrell has built in Jersey a model zoo, with large populations of a restricted number of species, with an admirable breeding record for rare or difficult species – his gorilla saga is particularly gripping – and intelligent solutions to behavioural problems, like a diamond arrangement of the ape cages so that the occupants can see one another and bicker through the bars without the oppression of a permanent next-door neighbour.

Misplaced public sentiment has been a block to humane cage design: size is not the important consideration, for a small animal's range in the wild may be very limited:

On the edge of a camp-site which I had in

the West African rain forest there grew three trees, heavily covered with epiphytes and lianas. These trees . . . represented the whole known world to a medium-sized pair of squirrels. In this tiny area they had everything they wanted. They had fruit and shoots and insects to eat, they had water supplies . . . they had each other.

A large paddock may be confining, a small cage may be cosy, if it provides comfort, security, and above all occupation: 'relieved of predator pressures, supplied with food and water and a mate, the animal has precious little to do except die of boredom.' Whereas Durrell's pouched rat, after biting a Colditz-like escape hole, returned to its cage after a short outing.

Sentimentality about the physical rather than existential caging of animals has led to public approval of safari parks, which Durrell believes 'have a long way to go before they can be considered anything other than animal abattoirs in a sylvan setting'. This book, then, is didactic, polemic, and considerably less genial than most of its predecessors: one sighs for the Bafut.

Clearly contact with humans has embittered Durrell, albeit in a good cause, but fine and strange things still happen to him. He finds that tapirs and lions are besotted with herrings; his Dourocouli eats glacé cherries; a gorilla falls spectacularly in love. And even *Homo sapiens* can offer pleasant surprises:

'Tell me, were you serious in what you said? If I find you the money, you'll build the best reptile house in the world?' 'Sure', I said, 'It's only lack of funds that prevents us. Why?' 'Well, said Dr Gaherty, 'Among my other qualifications I happen to be an eccentric millionaire.'

Vieda Skultans

Injured Party

Breakdown: A Personal Crisis and a Medical Dilemma by STUART SUTHERLAND *Weidenfeld* £5.25

Stuart Sutherland's autobiography of collapse and recovery belongs to a tradition of personal narratives of suffering. From the 18th century onwards writers have shared their psychic afflictions and very often their sense of outrage at the treatment meted out to them with a greedily curious reading public. Alexander Cruden's *The London Citizen Exceedingly Injured* is one of the first (1739) of such patient narratives whose title tellingly conveys his feelings of moral insult. Samuel Johnson, David Hume and John Stuart Mill are others who have confided their inner travails to readers. Stuart Sutherland's history is, therefore, in good company and is doubly fascinating in that he is a professor of Psychology at Sussex University. Although his earlier research interests included such topics as perception in the octopus, he now has an academic interest in, as well as personal experience of, mental illness.

His account of his life and personality

is disarming and embarrassing in the extent of its self-disclosure and honesty. The picture which he gives of himself immediately prior to his breakdown is of an intensely active and successful man in early middle age. Married, with two children, many friends and professional security, his sudden collapse comes as a surprise both to himself and to others. The precipitating factor of his anguish and depression is the discovery of the precise nature of his wife's infidelity. Although he describes himself as at first immune to the more violent and reprehensible forms of jealousy, his emotional liberalism and modernism exacts a terrible revenge on him. On discovering that his wife's lover is, in fact, a close friend of his, albeit of an ambivalent sort, his brave efforts towards sexual tolerance and non-possessiveness disintegrate. The discovery precipitates his attack and its subsequent course is dominated by relentless jealousy and anxiety. He writes: 'For hours on end my mind would be crowded with hideously detailed visual images of the sexual activities which she had so vividly related.'

This early section of the book contains a self-portrayal which is both unusually and mercilessly precise and in a curious way blind to the obvious. Anyone possessing the least voyeuristic tendency will be wholly absorbed by Professor Sutherland's account. The second half of the book moves at a more sober pace. It is a review informed by personal experience of the various forms of therapy/treatment available to those who find themselves similarly afflicted. Despite his prefatory quotation –

Post-therapeutic confessionals, written under intense abreactive pressure and unneutralised exhibitionism, often betray their underlying motives of subtle revenge towards the disappointing treatment

– Sutherland's assessment, unlike some sociological studies of psychiatric practice, is a rare feat of objectivity and charity. His harshest criticisms are directed against psychoanalysis, although paradoxically that is where he invested most hope for recovery. Perhaps his greatest indictment of psychoanalysis is the almost universal practice of condemning the patient's previous life-style and personality as immature and conflict-ridden, thus lowering an already low self-esteem. Group therapy and behaviour therapy come out only slightly better, since the gap between ideals and principles and the reality of badly run groups and ill-thought-out behaviour therapy programmes is in most cases embarrassingly wide.

Possibly the most useful part of the book is the final chapter on the choice of treatment which gives a list of dos and don'ts embodying very necessary and practical advice to the many who are faced with mental illness either of their own or of a near relative. At a more theoretical level, Professor Sutherland's confessional autobiography provides counter-evidence to the currently fashionable theory that all mental illness is the result of labelling on the part of other family members or of society's spokesmen: anxiety and depression quite clearly cannot be subsumed under this category. The philanthropic intent and implications of the book are clearly paramount, but for sheer enthrallment it will prove difficult to rival.

Blair Worden

Picture Palaces

Princes and Artists by HUGH TREVOR-ROPER
Thames & Hudson £6.50

Over these essays, which were delivered as the Yaseen Lectures in New York in 1974, there presides a famous observation of Fernand Braudel: that art and literature are '*les vrais témoins de toute histoire valable*'. 'History which ignores art or literature', Professor Trevor-Roper remarks, 'is jejune history.' Most students of early modern Europe would now agree with him; yet the centrality of art history is more frequently acknowledged than demonstrated. We salute the work of Frances Yates, but we are slow to assimilate it into the familiar landscape of high politics and international diplomacy.

The task is not easy. The 'new monarchs' of the 16th century have traditionally been thought of as Machiavellian operators: now we are asked – it sometimes seems – to regard them in the ethereal light in which their court artists represented them. Where is the meeting-point between the political calculations of princes and the world to which Miss Yates introduces us, with its arcane symbolism and its lofty ideals of eirenicism and reform? If anyone can tell us, it is Professor Trevor-Roper. In *Princes and Artists*, political insight is perfectly fused with aesthetic sensibility. When – to take but one example – Trevor-Roper catches, in his account of Titian's portraits of Charles V, both the tragic greatness of the ruler and the genius of the artist, political history illuminates art as memorably as art history illuminates politics.

On the surface of the book, the tangible contacts between politics and the arts predominate: patronage; art as propaganda; the political operation of the art market. Beneath the surface lies a unifying theme. Elsewhere, Trevor-Roper has stressed the influence and resilience of Erasmianism, as a movement both of reform and of tolerance, amidst the doctrinal and military strife of the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation. Here he considers the artistic face of Erasmianism, and its varying fortunes at the Habsburg courts which provided the greatest, and sometimes the most discerning, artistic patronage of the age.

The first essay contrasts the 'exaltation of spirit' and the 'belief in the possibility of reform and enlightenment' at the outset of Charles V's rule with the apparent collapse of Erasmian aspirations in the 1550s, when

'a disillusioned generation turned from reform to persecution'. The 1550s, the decade of Charles's failure and death, were the formative years of his son, Philip II of Spain; and in the second essay we see how Philip, smelling heresy wherever he encountered variety, extinguished Erasmian internationalism and cosmopolitanism in art as thoroughly as in religion. 'The geometrical severity of the Escorial was the architectural corollary of the fierce *autos de fe* of Seville and Valladolid.' Trevor-Roper is always at his best on Spanish history; and the study presented here of Philip, who was dismayed by the pagan sensuality of Cellini and by the 'open-ended mysticism' of El Greco, and who yet took private delight in the bizarre fantasies of Hieronymus Bosch, is perhaps the most chilling, because psychologically the most penetrating, in print.

Obliterated at Madrid, Erasmianism found refuge at Prague, which became the capital of the Austrian Habsburgs under Philip's nephew Rudolf II. Rudolf's territories, like England, had emerged from the 1550s with a formula for religious coexistence; and the third essay presents the blend of pagan and Christian artistic influence at Rudolf's court as the exotic counterpart to his cultivation of confessional variety and eirenicism. In the fourth and last essay, set in the early 17th century, we are back where we began, in the Burgundian culture which had produced Erasmus, but which we now find torn apart by Spanish imperialism and civil war. Here we meet the hero of the book, Peter Paul Rubens: 'the painter, as well as the diplomatist, of European peace'; the representative of the 'christianised stoicism' of the 'Silver Age of the European Renaissance'; the heterodox servant of Counter-Reformation masters, whose patronage he turned to his own ends; 'the last universal man of the Renaissance'.

Like the other universal men of these pages – Erasmus, Charles V, Rudolf II – Rubens met political failure. Rudolf's world, Trevor-Roper observes, was 'tinged with pessimism'. *Princes and Artists* seems faintly tinged with pessimism, too. The massive sense of duty with which the Habsburgs patronised the arts belonged to a world very different from our own: 'how seriously young princes were then initiated into the living philosophy and culture of their time!' But the lament is not for the passage of a form or style of government. Aesthetes do not always make good rulers, and in any case hereditary government survived the divorce of art from politics. What passed in the 17th century was 'a whole intellectual world, a whole philosophy', which 'perished in the Thirty Years War'.

The gains of that 'watershed in intellectual history' fall outside the province of this book; but there is one loss at which Trevor-Roper repeatedly hints. The 'undivided world picture has been broken up': 'art has gradually become the special subject of artists or art-experts, literature of philologists, politics of politicians.' In our century, that protest against spiritual fragmentation and intellectual specialisation has been often heard. It has been heard in historical studies, not least from Braudel; yet the movement for 'total history', by

sacrificing mind to methodology, has itself come to contribute to the disintegration against which its founders reacted.

If I am right in thinking that *Princes and Artists* ends on a melancholy note, its readers may finish it in better heart. To watch Professor Trevor-Roper move, with seemingly effortless grace, from one country or language to the next; to see him connect areas of study which have become artificially separated; to discover, in his bibliography, the delights available to an intellect which resists the pressures of fashion and of narrow specialisation; to savour a prose which in suppleness, elegance and controlled exuberance is unmatched in present-day historical writing: all this is to realise that, whatever Trevor-Roper's own forebodings, the European mind survives.

Bruce Page

Press Gang

The Story of the Scottish Daily News by
 RON MCKAY and BRIAN BARR *Canongate*
 £3.95

Size for size, I doubt that a sadder – or more instructive – tale will be told this year than the one this compact book contains. It's instructive about the crisis of the British press, about the nature of the industrial system and about the problems of confronting socialist theory with living practice in both those areas.

There was, of course, much publicity at the time. We heard how the ailing Beaverbrook group decided to liquidate its Glasgow base and move the *Scottish Daily Express* to Manchester; how the redundant workers got together to put the *Scottish Daily News* in its place; how Tony Benn, against the chill advice of his officials, decided to put in government money; how Mr Robert Maxwell, pursuing his durable ambition to become a newspaper publisher, appeared as a humble servant of the workers' control movement.

McKay and Barr tell, sympathetically but unsentimentally, the story of how it all came to grief. One vital point emerges simply from contrast between their own supple, generally well-managed prose and the turgid weariness of the stuff they quote from the *SDN* itself. The *Scottish Express* once possessed a kind of hideous vitality. It could perform bravura feats of old-style pop journalism, such as appearing the day after the Ibrox stadium disaster with photos of *every one* of the dead victims. The authors wonder just how much human misery was trampled down that evening: they might have added that new public attitudes to human privacy have quite properly placed much raw material of that kind beyond the reach of the newspaper industry.

The *SDN* took over most of the values and practices of the *Express* ('Let's Give the Police these Extra Powers to Beat the Thugs') but quite without the remnants of

Among this week's contributors:

NAOMI LEWIS was the winner of the 1974 Children's Book Circle Eleanor Farjeon Award.

BLAIR WORDEN is Senior Tutor of St Edmund's Hall, Oxford, and Fellow in Modern History. He is the author of *The Rump Parliament 1648-1653*.

DR VIEDA SKULTANS lectures in Mental Health at the University of Bristol.

technical vitality ('Barrel Bungs Come to and End Down at the Old Spurtle Mill'). To them it added only a patchy top-dressing of Swif-T-Mix sub-editor's leftism: the sort that deploys all the shifty techniques of pop journalism to make a few scraps of news-agency copy into kitsch-Marxist analyses of financial crisis and far-off wars ('A City Burns as Yanks Go Home').

What the *SDN* experience tends to discredit is the line of socialist thought which claims that a change in ownership transforms human existence immediately. There were some good and idealistic journalists at the *SDN*; but there were not enough of them to overcome the fact that a mediocre and narrow-minded journalist doesn't become much less so on acquiring a part-share in the undertaking. The natural successor to a sleazy brand of capitalism is a sleazy brand of socialism.

The journalistic community of the *SDN* lost many of its best characters to alternative employers. That was less true of the manual unions, and so on the mechanical side the story is far less depressing. Change of ownership did not produce brilliant administrators overnight, but it certainly released capacities which had been masked under the Beaverbrook management. And considered just as a printing operation conducted against the odds, the *SDN* was a triumph. The workers made one deadly error by under-estimating themselves. Commercially, the *SDN* ought to have started as a tabloid, but limitations of time and money were thought to prohibit it. When the London *Evening News* changed similar machines from broadsheet to tabloid running, it took 18 months and cost £160,000. When, after a crippling false start, the *SDN* went tabloid, the change was made in a few hours, and cost nothing.

On *SDN* evidence, the central problem which faces a workers' co-op is finding a viable distinction between 'day-to-day running' (the duty of the professional managers) and 'overall policy formation' (the prerogative of all the workers combined). McKay and Barr's story suggests, not that it is impossible, but that it is difficult and requires much hard thought and good will. Clearly, they think the *SDN* made some headway with this problem, which is all the more remarkable in view of their estimate that it functioned as a co-op for only two months. Most of the rest of the time it was under the sway of Robert Maxwell – whose management has always been autocratic rather than collective.

It is a matter for astonishment and regret [write McKay and Barr] that having finally agreed to lend the co-operative £1.2 million, the Government turned down last-minute requests from the leaders of the project to free themselves from the disruptive influence of Robert Maxwell.

It seems sadly typical of Tony Benn's record that he would rush with enthusiasm to the support of a big new idea – but fail, in the event, to do quite enough to give it a fair prospect of success. Maxwell (described in a Board of Trade inquiry as a man unsuitable to exercise stewardship of a public company) got his decisive stake in the *SDN* because at the last moment the Government would not up its own investment by 10 per cent.

The authors quote an ecstatic Benn interview at the time of the *SDN* launch, in which he portrayed the land of Britain as everywhere lush with new, intoxicating, co-operative industrial growth – in shipbuilding, aerospace, motor-bikes, night-storage heaters, fruit-juice and newspapers. 'The thing is going like wildfire,' he declared, saying that he saw himself merely as 'a watering-can in this garden'. Benn, it seems, chose to believe that simply on scattering a little money around in a general manner, vigorous and durable co-operatives could be expected to leap fully-armed from the ground. In the aftermath of the *SDN* collapse, it should be quite apparent that watering-cans are not enough.

Julian Barnes

Call Him X

Afternoon of a Good Woman by NINA BAWDEN *Macmillan* £3.50

Sleeping Murder: Miss Marple's Last Case by AGATHA CHRISTIE *Collins* £3.50

Dangerous Davies by LESLIE THOMAS *Eyre Methuen* £3.25

We're now into the second phase of novels derived from the Woman's Movement. At first it was all young women seeking their own way, achieving economic self-reliance, avoiding the baby trap except on their own terms, investigating homoeroticism and comforting themselves at night with their independence. Of late, though, those in their forties have been getting itchy, turning nasty on all that furniture they've polished for years, and catching the midweek shoppers' special from Rubicon Junction on the final page. It's doubtless more a question of literary fashion than demographic shift – the London termini are hardly clogged with non-thinking matrons clutching Antler hand-luggage and glintily conning their A-to-Zs – but even so it's a heartening trend.

Take Penelope, Nina Bawden's lady magistrate heroine. Even without the uneasy jokes she makes to her children about The Liberation of Middle-aged Parents, one soon spots that her decision to take off is caused by more than the routine dissatisfactions of marriage (not that these are absent – her novelist husband has to dress up as a Red Indian to get going in bed). Her prolonged self-examination takes place during a day's sitting at the Crown Court, and the counterpoint between self-judgment and the formal judgment of others gives the novel its firm structure and a useful sub-theme. How close, Miss Bawden wonders, are the unconsidered actions of the respectable to those deeds which society deems criminal? Is the immoral distinguished from the criminal by the element of chance rather than by a qualitative difference? Penelope reflects on her own dishonesties while a man is tried for theft; on her husband's sexual oddity, as a flasher is sent down. It's not just that 'the bad man does what the good man dreams', but that the supposedly good

person, like Penelope, is perhaps no more than the person who gets away with it. However fine one's intentions, society turns you into a moral juggler: hence her decision to let all the balls drop at the same time. Miss Bawden's grasp of the law is not all it might be but her grasp of mid-life crisis (as it used to be called) is cool and firm. A neat, quietly serious novel, sharp about ironies both large and small.

A crash of gears to Miss Marple who, it always surprises me, is tall and thin, and not like Margaret Rutherford at all. Ingenious to the last, Agatha Christie kept back one Poirot and one Miss Marple story, each written some 30 years ago, for publication after her death. The date of its vintage, of course, doesn't matter in the least, since Christiand is as socially frozen and lacking in specifically dating detail as the world of Wodehouse or Compton-Burnett. It's all as ordered, stiff and unlikely as an everlasting flower: from gay, happy young couples and solid professional oldsters to servants who can't spell and gardeners who can't even pronounce the names of plants properly. Here, murderers are by definition a trifle insane; good men tend to attract bad women; psychiatrists have just been heard of, though Miss Marple prefers to call them ironically 'mental specialists'; and the phrase for a girl who enjoys a bit of a fling (gosh, the idiom is catching) is 'man mad'.

Sleeping Murder has nice newlyweds Gwenda and Giles settling in the West Country in a house which gives Gwenda a strange sense of familiarity. Could it be the very one in which she was brought up, in which her stepmother, 20 years ago, might or might not have been murdered? Turning up the past with the help of Miss M, they find nothing but dead ends: as Giles puts it, 'It's just that throughout it all, there seems to be an unknown factor – call him X.' 'X?' said Gwenda wonderingly. It all seems excruciatingly slow at first – by halfway there's only a situation, not a sniff of a suspect; but the second half is full of intricate Christie crochet-work. I fingered the villain pretty easily, on the grounds that a) he was extremely unlikely, b) he was a respectable solicitor, and c) he stayed at home every evening and played piquet with his mother. Ah well, wrong again.

By chance, Leslie Thomas's novel is also an unsolved murder (again, with not even a body) which occurred 20 years ago. All similarities end there: the locale is scruffy North London, the characters querulous and working-class; there is sex (fumbled), police corruption, and the murderer's motive is understandably ordinary. The scruffiness at first makes one think Mr Thomas is simply more realistic, but he has his own corner in stylisation: his detective is pushed so far in anti-Poirot ineptness and clumsiness (as well as being given yo-ho-ho character props like a Lagonda and a huge dog) that anti-genre, particularly when checked out in Mr Thomas's dry, unfaggy prose, becomes genre. The main purpose, of course, is comic, and while *Dangerous Davies* (the nickname is ironic) pursues the trail despite repeated beatings-up and finally makes his arrest from a wheel-chair, there are larks and laughs enough (as well as a sneaky suspicion that the device has been used before in some half-remembered film).

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

Potty Crime

Yahoo Queens

The Frontiers of Farce Old Vic

Scribes Greenwich

Lawrence saw Swift as a noble mind poisoned, reduced to 'gnashing insanity' by his horror of the body; and, though we may dispute the extent or degree of his sickness, the basic diagnosis seems irresistible. But Shaftesbury Avenue isn't the place for searching psychoanalysis, nor Alec Guinness the actor to subject himself to it. And so we have *Yahoo*, which riffs absent-mindedly through Swift's life and work, and concludes next to nothing about either. Conceivably he was attracted to young girls, possibly he was a little too diverted by the stench of excrement; but these are the merest hints, and mostly he is presented as a social climber, wit, come-lately Irish patriot, and good, solid, platonic friend to Stella, alias Esther Johnson. Even that *saeva indignatio*, without which Swift isn't Swift at all, is recollected only at the end, as an oversight to be hastily amended.

Then it is that Sir Alec gives us his reading from *The Modest Proposal*, and a very forceful, eloquent reading it is. But it comes too late to alter the impression his acting has persistently created, that the great dean and drapier was actually a mild, rather prim vicar promoted above his proper station, a leisurely cleric unconventional only in his propensity to crack jokes as he ambled from pulpit to choir. His manner is unswervingly serene, and his very larynx sounds as if he's been gargling with honey: it is the music, not the content, of the lines that seems perpetually to absorb him. The late John Whiting once described Kenneth Williams as 'keeping a drunken oboe-player inside himself and using him as a voice'. Sir Alec is that oboe-player after a relentless drying-out by Alcoholics Anonymous, a sober, sedate citizen pleasantly dawdling up and down the scale of C major.

This performance, if it can be called a performance, brings to bursting-point worries that have been festering in me for some time. The more I study actors and actresses, the more convinced I become that the best and most exciting of them succeed largely because they prise out aspects of themselves the world might think ugly or bizarre. When we applaud someone as 'dangerous', we mean that he's willing, not only to take technical risks, but to commit an emotional or spiritual variety of indecent exposure. But Sir Alec is the last man you would nowadays find unzipping himself, let alone flashing out hatred, bitterness, envy, avarice, lust, perverse lust, malice, cruelty, terror, or any of those things without which people wouldn't be people or drama drama. I see that Bernard Levin (whose own *saeva indignatio*, and equally *saeva* enthusiasm,

should bring welcome vitality to the nation's theatre criticism) describes him as 'the leading Houyhnhnm of our stage', which is perfectly true; but if he had quarrelled with his discovery, instead of happily embracing it, Mr Levin might have written more accurately of *Yahoo*. Swift was not a Houyhnhnm, for all his hectic insistence on reason and mistrust of instinct. There are signs, anyway at the end of their story, that even he couldn't take those supercilious quadrupeds quite seriously. Certainly, he has a lot of fun at the expense of Gulliver, harrumphing and priggishly neighing in his determination to dissociate himself from the smelly European Yahoos who have rescued him – and then, ludicrously, shutting himself away from humanity to commune four hours a day with his horses.

Sir Alec may not exactly neigh, but he seems to have worked himself into some such predicament. If we're to judge by his performance here, he is no longer one of us, but a sort of animate halo sent by divine providence to twinkle chastely in the world's darkness. It does not, of course, help that the entertainment he has assembled with Alan Strachan is so superficial and untheatrical: an amalgam of snippets from the *Dictionary of Quotations*, sketchy biography, and desultory charades lifted out of *Gulliver's Travels*, with Nicola Pagett as Stella, Angela Thorne as Vanessa, and poor Mark Kingston condemned to link the recumbent happenings by telling us that 'Swift opened the eyes of the nation' or 'used the point of his pen, not the feather'. But a less squeamish actor than Sir Alec could still use *Yahoo* to suggest why Eliot called its subject 'the great master of disgust' and why Lawrence made him a leading example of the split between mind and body, spirit and appetite. Sweet reason, infinitely prolonged, cannot achieve that. Indeed, too much sweet reason is like too much sweet anything: it makes the teeth fall out.

Anyone who insists on his quota of coprology this week would do better to take his pennies to the Old Vic. The first half of the double-bill Peter Barnes has adapted and directed for him is Feydeau's *Purging*, which is all about chamber-pots, constipation and laxatives, a reminder that the one thing more important to the French than sex is the cultivation of the alimentary canal. What takes it to the 'frontiers of farce', as the title portentously puts it, is partly this subject, partly the desperation of Leonard Rossiter's potty-merchant, frantically clinching a lucrative deal that his wife's anti-social obsession with the family bowels threatens to botch. But then, if desperation is a criterion, nearly all farce is on its own frontiers, because nearly all farces involve people about to be exposed, humiliated or ruined. Subtract the prospect

of disaster, and all tension disappears.

That's roughly what happens with the second play, Wedekind's *Singer*: we never quite believe it will be disastrous to the tenor-hero's career if he fails to make it to Belgium, where he's contracted to do Tristan. Partly this is because his author is less interested in establishing his hysteria than in wordily exposing the theatrical slave-system whose victim he is, and partly because of John Stride's strangely relaxed playing of him. Farce is, or should be, a revisiting of the sort of nursery nightmare we've all tossed to, like the one in which your recalcitrant feet just won't drag you to the terminus where the express is poised to depart. But Mr Stride seems hardly more desperate than you or I might be in our waking hours if we were late for the dentist. If the result still struck me as marginally more enjoyable than the Feydeau (and neither visit to the frontier had me exactly in stitches) it was because of Mr Rossiter's performance of the second of three unpleasant interruptions. In he crashes, a feverish figure scattering dandruff and spilling teeth, to pound out his awful opera on the piano and denounce everyone more successful than himself: an aspiring composer who has less failed than fallen apart. Here, at last, is desperation; and, callous though such praise may sound, it is hilarious.

Asking me to review *Scribes* is like asking Narcissus to review his pool. I discovered myself in a weekly newspaper office, and it, too, was packed with the types Barrie Keefe offers us here: old grumbler, artless boy (me), stud, drunk, smutty-minded photographer, jumpy lady reporter of uncertain age, able but lazy news editor. We didn't have so go-getting a boss, and I don't recall a strike; but otherwise his picture is accurate and affectionate without being sentimental on the one hand or particularly significant on the other. It makes a nice, nostalgic start to the new season at Greenwich.

Radio

Craig Raine

Voice Squad

I discovered that radio could lie one May night in 1955. The British hope, Don Cockell, was challenging Rocky Marciano for his title in New York. From the excitable yelps of Eamonn Andrews, the commentator, you would have thought that Marciano was crouching in a corner like a pound of pork chops. In fact, Marciano was making Cockell's face look like a baboon's rear in the mating season and the fight was stopped in the ninth. Recently, though, 'speaking the truth' has come to mean something different. It started a couple of weeks ago when I switched on the TV and had a nasty shock – John Timpson. Now, I listen to John Timpson's voice nearly every day, as I twang the dental floss in and out of my teeth. He

presents Radio 4's *Today* programme from dawn to 8.45. His voice spoke to me, as to millions of other listeners, of a bald, middle-aged, overweight, unflappable man pottering confidently with his Parker 51 as the vacuous minutes of radio time entered oblivion.

Imagine, then, the angst as I watched *Tonight's* new anchor person – a man indecently young, with a bulldozer quiff and a thin face held in the stiff tongs of his sideburns. John Timpson. The face (nervous) and the voice (eerily familiar) came together like the convergence of the twain: I squirmed on the sofa – a comparable shock would be the discovery that Mrs Thatcher's groomed and lacquered elocution belonged to a harassed housewife in Palmer's Green, caught in Carmen rollers by a man from the Social Security. What if, I thought, the avuncular chuckle and fondant voice of Roy Plomley was the vocal alias of a beef-cake whose unshaven face glistened like the side of a match box? I was relieved to hear castaway Frank Muir refer to his baldness.

Ah, voices. James Cameron's is ideally suited to the reminiscence of *In Our Time* (Radio 4): worn with experience, it's a hastily packed suitcase of a voice, the voice of a journalist who's seen it all – Korea, the electrophone and, he hinted gleefully, the theft of the Stone of Scone. Cameron pronounces certain words (like 'specifically' and 'armaments') as if they were *Guardian* misprints, his teeth momentarily slithering like ice-cubes, and the effect is marvellous. Somehow he manages to make history sound like news. It's a real radio achievement and worth any amount of footage from the Movietone archives. He chooses voices well, too: Woodrow Wyatt who munches every word like a toffee; Isobel Barnett who has a voice you could chop vegetables with, a crisp salad of vowels; Lord Hill's ruminative, truffling delivery. Pure 1947, all of them.

Less archaic is the voice shared by Shirley Williams (*passim*), Sue MacGregor (*Woman's Hour*) and Margaret Howard (*Pick of the Week*). All three sound swankless, intelligent and capable – capable of listening, capable of taking your kidneys out if necessary. It's the kind of voice Dr Kildare should have had. Mrs Williams is unique among politicians in sounding so trustworthy and intimate: Denis Healey's ho-ho's of jocularly are the noise of the knock in the night and Mr Benn's lay preacher sincerity is sticky as flypaper. Even Harold Wilson's quiet voice-in-a-tea-cosy fails to mask his astonishing egotism: on *PM Reports* (Radio 4), he was asked to explain his interest in a conference for those whose larynxes had been removed. 'You must remember, of course,' he murmured, 'that I was the first Prime Minister to set up a Minister of Disability . . .'

The only man to approach Mrs Williams for intrinsic vocal candour was Donald Trelford (*The Bush Telegraph*, Radio 4). The 'trick' seems to involve being honest and intelligent. A good blend of public and private material, the programme ended with a modest assessment of his achievement. He felt he'd achieved little. The three best African journalists he'd trained are now in jail.

The 30th anniversary of the Third Programme made little impression on Radio 3. Music; MacNeice's adaptation of *The Waves*; but none of the voices from the past I was hoping for. It was less impressive than their celebration of the sound archives a few years ago, when we heard Schoenberg teasing an audience of sceptics by re-scoring a piece of his music to satisfy their craving for melody and conventional harmony. He explained, like Melville's Bartelby, that he preferred not to.

Samuel Beckett. Prose fragment yet unpublished. Skull resting on the hand, hand connected, normal way, to the elbow. Attitude of concentration as if straining at the stool. A reading by Patrick Magee. Words taken from their cotton wool, read like someone on his death bed. Certain words escape the hearing, on and off, till at once final grey. Skull on table, all at once or by degrees. Eyelids close, mouth falls open, all at once or by degrees, normal way for half past ten. Over.

Television

John Sturrock

Hand-Reared

The newspaper industry is in a state of near-terminal introspection, and the neurotic media-worker who curls foetally up in front of *The Editors* of a Sunday evening (BBC-1) has good reason to doubt whether, by Monday morning, he will still have a job to go back to. This week, in the final edition of the present run, the lamentable economics of the guttering press were raised only as a coda to any already discouraging argument about the closed shop for journalists and how that might imperil the freedom of the press. Since everyone is bound to believe in the freedom of the press it was clear we were in, yet again, for much deviousness and misunderstanding, and to make things worse, the panel, true to an old Fleet Street custom, was overmanned. Neither side trusted the motives or the vocabulary of the other; owners and editors feared the NUJ would one day want to control what they publish; the NUJ believed that owners and editors wanted to keep them down because the proprietorial life was easier with a disorganised work force.

There seemed, by the end of it, scant chance of a voluntary press charter being worked out to resolve the matter, every chance of one being imposed by the government. The freshest and most graceful interventions were those of an outsider, Bernard Nossiter of the *Washington Post*, who described the rather sensible way they arrange these things in the US and defended a press ruled by tradition and convention against one tied by a formal charter. Nossiter revealed that on American papers closed shops are never 100 per cent because unions and management like to leave a margin for nature's non-joiners; as a cradle non-joiner myself I was bucked to learn this, against

the day when the unclubbable are forced into a union of their own.

World in Action (Granada, Monday) went, in the wake of William Tyndale, to a comprehensive school in Leicester of extravagant and doctrinaire informality where the staff, far from skulking away at break-time in some padded haven of their own, prefer to light up with the 'students' (they looked more like schoolchildren to me, but any term for them less than students was adjudged derogatory) in the bedlam of the 'lower coffer bar'. The learning situation, you could say, was unstructured, as 100 students and four barely distinguishable teachers milled about their 'team area' in noisy re-enactment of a trade war, watched with unsmiling concern by the father of one of the children. He believed on the whole that life was earnest and that, if it is the job of a school to adapt children to reality, then the school should be earnest too. He was unmoved, and so I must say was I, by the official line that learning comes most readily through enjoyment: in the school in question enjoyment seemed a purely communal affair, to the point where transistor radios could be played in school hours provided no one objected. But who, one wondered gloomily, would ever have the nerve to object in such a fun-loving environment?

Dr Who (BBC-1, Saturday) is currently dramatising possible abuses of nuclear power which not even the prophetic Lord Rothschild has thought of. No sooner was the tousled time-lord home again from some dim mumbo-jumbo in 15th-century Italy, where he saved the Renaissance from a takeover by the benighted congregation of one Demos (the name was presumably a veiled right-wing joke), than he was bustling along to his local nuclear reactor in pursuit of a fossilised hand 150 million years old. The hand is not the petrified thing it ought to be at that age, but craves radioactivity, and the more of its favourite fuel it can absorb the more sinister and prehensile it becomes. This is sheer allegory of course: our society would not have been at risk from 'The Hand of Fear' if the only available source of energy had been the Lots Road power station. But then Dr Who, with his tweedy clothes and whimsical hardware, has always been on the side of alternative technologies. Once this seemed like parsimony on the BBC's part, refusing to cough up too much for special effects; we can recognise now that it is really ideology. Next week, if the hand's revival goes according to plan, we may see it grabbing at the vitals of those who, like Lord Rothschild, would have us pull back from a plutonium future.

In *Well, Anyway* (BBC-2, Friday) John Bird and John Fortune have so far been amiable but uninspired. In the third episode they showed how bad logistics can exhaust even the most compulsive lust. The double-barrelled nymphomaniac (why are nymphomaniacs always so well-bred? Some sociologist should set to work on the aphrodisiac aspects of our class system) whom the sponging Fortune brought home to Bird's flat was no match for the shambling evasions of her hosts and had to go without it; but since her name was given as Tessa Radclyffe-Hall perhaps that was a clue to any literati looking in that she had no right to want it.

Films

John Coleman

TOC Ticks

Winstanley *The Other Cinema*, 25 Tottenham Street (at Charlotte Street)
Werewolf of Washington *Electric Cinema Club*, Portobello Road, from 24 October
Cousin, Cousine *Curzon*
Fighting Mad *Rialto*

Better start with a small confessional: although Kevin Brownlow, a fellow-countryman of the cinema for whom I cherish the liveliest regard, jokingly offered me his all a few days ago not to review his second feature, *Winstanley* (and one could wish his dry, honest humour might infiltrate his film makings), duty calls. All the more so in that his film – previously seen only at last year's London Festival – is being given a long run, at least until 18 November, at The Other Cinema, and TOC (as its principal begetter, Nick Hart-Williams, abbreviates it) opens tonight, Friday, in its own new premises. The address is above and the relevant telephone numbers follow: information 637-9309, advance booking 637-9308. Not so incidentally, the current issue of *Sight and Sound* carries a useful survey of independent distributors/exhibitors, where Mr Hart-Williams – among others – outlines the aims of his outfit: essentially, to give an airing to films 'the establishment' chooses to walk round. TOC's base is 'constituted largely of active socialists'.

Broadly speaking one could say that we share an interest in communication and change – in social and political institutions, in personal relationships, in perception itself.

Observations of this order provoke me to withdraw, snail-like, into a shell of unknowing. I am none too sure I want, for instance, my 'perception' mucked about with. But that, Hart-Williams would argue, is my problem, not his. His problem, and that of his five colleagues (all on equal pay), is to pull in a financially viable audience; and, to this end, the evening-to-evening programmes – *Winstanley* the sole constant for the moment – will be varied (*Alexander Nevsky*, Rosi's splendid *Salvatore Giuliano* and Leone's crappy *Fistful of Dynamite* make up the rest of opening night), themes will be pursued, after-show talk-ins will be encouraged.

Brownlow's *Winstanley*, after a second viewing, leaves me rather where Gladwell's *Requiem for a Village* did: respectful, even admiring, cold. On 1 April 1649 at St George's Hill, Surrey, a group of antebellum Diggers, led by one Gerrard Winstanley, form to build a simple, revolutionary settlement. Platt, the local land-owning parson, is hostile and his wife's temporary defection to the community doesn't help. After more downs than ups, the Diggers – whose message has spread to other villages – are worsted. It is a true piece of history, drawn from Winstanley's pamphlets (and also from David Caute's novel, *Comrade Jacob*); the ultimate in fastidious care

has been taken to ensure authenticity, down to the walk-ons of nearly extinct breeds of cattle and pigs – and one should perhaps stress that Andrew Mollo (who made the earlier *It Happened Here* with Brownlow) is the historical perfectionist who co-directed; Ernest Vincze's black-and-white photography is very impressive, in the sense that you could probably stop it at any frame and come up with a composition reminiscent of the sky-line Russians or the intimate Carl Dreyer. Winstanley is played by a footloose amateur, Miles Halliwell, last heard of training to teach maladjusted children, with a passionate, solitary sweetness, an all-out sincerity that both enrages and convinces: the real man may well have been much like this. Only one professional, Jerome Willis as the decent but torn General Fairfax, is on camera. And he is so self-effacingly competent that he shows up the film's (to me) fatal flaw: the often wretched inadequacy of the amateurs playing everyone else. Brownlow is in love with silent movies (see his superb book, *The Parade's Gone By*), has a huge flair for faces. Trouble comes when all the editing in the world fails to camouflage the stilted, hammy readings that issue from them.

Which is where one loops back to the confessional strain. It is not merely that both the director Brownlow and TOC's Nick Hart-Williams are (I hope) friendly acquaintances, to whom one humanly wishes good luck in their enterprises: it is also that something within me prohibits an easy, let alone enthusiastic, response to them. I do not wish, as a kind of professional myself, to feint with damn praise. Yet the cool, devoted style of film-making I find alienating, the ambitious, collective manner of film presentation I feel hortatory – these may be what the age demands. Only time can tell. Meanwhile, one is lumbered with those old liberal-bourgeois responses and the responsibility of recording them.

The Electric Cinema Club, while we are on the esoteric metropolitan scene, continues to offer a fair old load of worthwhile retrievals. Their current, netting title is 'Out of the Shadows . . .' and deals roughly in Expressionism, dreams, fantasies. Milton Moses Ginsberg's *Werewolf of Washington*, made in 1973, exhibits a certain prescience in tucking the Watergate building into its ludicrous, comic-strip plot. Dean Stockwell, first heard voice over, is an ace journalist, sent to Budapest after an affair with the US president's daughter, there bitten by a werewolf, soon reclaimed home as beloved press aide to the president (Biff Maguire). To say things get hairier would be to understate the ensuing revel, written in balloon-fashion by Mr Ginsberg. 'You're just a terrible wolf, aren't you?' is a representative line, delivered by a fat, loud-mouthed lady about to fall fanged by Stockwell. There is some pleasant confusion between the words Pentagon and Pentagram, Michael Dunn toddles through as a mysterious dwarf-scientist up to God knows what in the supposed bowels of the White House, Stockwell gets his fingers stuck (swelling lycanthropically) in a bowling ball, and there is a good, surrealist episode entailing a public call-box laid on its side like a coffin. But if this is satire, *Mad* magazine is Swifitean. In the same bill, *Portsmouth Sinfonia*, a none-too-short about

a lousy orchestra, who havoc the classics to self-applauding auditors at the Albert Hall. We were not amused.

Cousin, Cousine, genially directed and scripted by Jean-Charles Tacchella, is quite funny when it is not being triumphantly arch: it is a towering eye-full: it is, hélas, the French as they like to see themselves – cozenage for little sophisticates. After the by now hackneyed daguerreotypes of kids and a huge group portrait, we move into colour and a sequence of family reunions: weddings, Xmas Eve, a big party when the children cook and serve. Across these rollicking set-pieces, with their finger-laid-against-the-nose knowingnesses (a randy granny, a bum-showing uncle snapped by a juvenile, the golly-goliardic), a completely incredible affair between two cousins, married to other members of the sprawling family, is deployed. Ludovic (Victor Lanoux) and Marthe (Marie-Christine Barrault) start by taking idyllic, platonic joy in each other's company, then go *jemenfoutiste* and to it, with a will. One particularly nice idiocy has them bedding down in a louche hotel, with their gypsyish hostess swaying in with a late-night tray. Food is one of the stars of this uninnocent frolic, à la Chabrol; as is tender, humorous sex. The respective spouses of the unashamed lovers (Guy Marchand and the delightful Marie-France Pisier, recently seen in the film-within-a-film in *Céline and Julie Go Boating*) have been naughty themselves in the past, make mock-gestures towards suicide when the beds are turned on them, cry crocodile tears. 'Pardon, monsieur, êtes-vous heureux?', asks Marthe, beaming at a bystander from the pillion of her lover's motor-bike. He looks equivocal, dumbfounded, a stand-in for us. Peter Fonda also drives a roaring bike, as well as a mean car, in *Fighting Mad*, a vigilante event from the Roger Corman stable: Arkansas revenant lone-wolfing it absurdly against the big crooks of Crabtree Industries. Mr Fonda takes his specs off before thumping hell out of men four times his size: the film it is that tries to kick sand in your eyes. Renewed good wishes to TOC.

Andrew Motion

Home

This last half mile home
 you're almost walking asleep,
 and would be, perhaps, if not
 for that pigeon ahead,

perched high in the lilac,
 calling as clear and exact
 as the whitening blossom
 it sits among,

the last generation of one
 descended from tumblers
 kept before the war
 but wild now, and here

to straddle its scarlet legs
 then bob bob over our heads
 and over the city itself, towards
 the original fields we came from.

Architecture

Nathan Silver & Helen McNeil

Charity at Home

There are four ways of achieving a new dwelling: building it yourself; having it designed and built for you; buying it ready-built from an entrepreneur; having it provided by an official government body. A very minor fifth way in most countries is getting a dwelling provided through a charitable agency. In Britain, this fifth way has been historically significant, and in the past two years it has assumed major importance. Charitable housing is basically what is meant now, slightly inaccurately, by 'the Housing Association movement'.

Few outside the housing world know much about it, but study is rewarded. Housing Associations are relatively efficient social institutions, and at their best are able to provide the necessary dwellings with insight, economy, and graceful architectural means. Even building one's own dwelling can occasionally be achieved the HA way (very few to date), because flexibility, individual cases and special needs are what they are all about. Last year over 30,000 dwellings were started. Mr Shore's major new shift of environmental priorities to decaying urban centres finds Housing Associations, above all, equipped for rapid accomplishment.

There are some 3,000 of these registered HAs with public responsibilities and, since the 1974 Housing Act, broad grant-aided public support. The reason they are efficient and economical is that by comparison with local authority housing efforts the HAs have low overheads and smaller programmes which are in unit costs far cheaper to administer. Curiously, they often also turn out to be more responsive to community and individual needs – perhaps because HAs are (or were) 'amateur' bodies in the best of that usually theoretical national tradition. Their Committees of Management are unpaid and, in small HAs, they do a lot of the work. Their building funds, which once came from their own resources or building society borrowings supplemented by local authorities, at present derive from local authorities which have budgets earmarked for them, or directly from the Housing Corporation, a semi-autonomous government agency helped by the DoE. HAs used to be of benefit to those seeking home ownership, but not now. Until 1974 what were known as co-ownership HAs were given up to 100 per cent mortgages, helping members buy shares in their buildings (as happens in Scandinavian co-ops), but 1974 marked a great shift in funds to charitable associations aiding people 'in necessitous circumstances'.

Anyone seeking accommodation today would be wise to check with his local housing associations as well as his local authority. Some HA tenants are simply nominated by the local authority from its waiting list, but others are chosen by the association according to their own priorities, which vary greatly, and advantageously for some peo-

ple. Rents in HA housing are generally not as cheap, however. Although HAs and local councils are both obliged to build precisely to the same housing standards, HA tenants must pay 'fair rents'. Thus some HA tenants have been understandably put out to find that council tenants with comparable incomes living in nearby homes built to the same standard were paying only half the rent. But this sheds light on an important reason why HA expense to the public is so much lower: only the difference between these higher rents and the costs is offset by public subsidy to allow the HA to start in the black.

Docile tenants, it's true, are thin on the ground these days, which is just as well if, along with grumbling about rents, tenants are to esteem and care for their dwellings. Local authorities remain reluctant to consider tenant participation in management, no doubt because the public at large is deemed to feel a conservative dread about this – sell them their council houses, but for God's sake don't hand them money to manage things themselves. So a vastly more costly administrative bureaucracy in housing management is paid for instead – in local government, that is, but not entirely in the Housing Association movement, where a number of HAs are now experimenting with tenant management and maintenance.

Not that this is easy for HAs to accept either. Their history conspires against them. As direct descendants of the great Victorian housing charities such as the Guinness Trust and the Peabody Trust, their unpaid committees of management are after all self-perpetuating oligarchies, wherein it must be psychologically difficult for the beneficent oligarch to relinquish control to some never-deserving-enough beneficiaries. At a conference last year, a housing manager for one big HA advised fledgling associations to look out that tenants don't get too familiar with the rent collector – it was a bad idea, for instance, if they got to calling him by his first name. Maybe this is a good tip in the cynical world of landlords, but it was the sort of advice small HAs could do without. The manager of a large block of properties for another association warmly recommended a firm of lawyers for their efficiency in processing his association's large volume of legal work, most of it evictions.

For a year, Housing Corporation policy has been favouring rehabilitations in urban stress areas, and in those slums officially designated as General Improvement Areas and Housing Action Areas. The most refreshing solutions to urban housing problems have been the result of neighbourhood-scale response. The Birmingham COPEC Housing Trust have appointed small renovation contractors to rehabilitate 146 properties. They knew they didn't have enough of what is charmingly called 'decanting capacity' to dump all their tenants at once and bring in a large contractor, so they have settled for a phased solution which provides local employment, deals with tenants more agreeably, and takes a little more time. In Glasgow, eight community-based HAs, some formed by tenant action groups, are in the forefront of tenement rehabilitation, picking brains at Strathclyde University's architecture school. Unlike

local authorities, HAs use private or specialist in-house architects, and thus can match dwelling problems with proven aptitudes.

A great proportion of inner-city sites were, historically, at least partly commercial in use. Anticipated commercial profits can dramatically lower the cost of dwellings on the same site and wipe out the classic anti-city objection to them, namely, 'it costs more than building in the suburbs'. The Soho Housing Association in London was able to negotiate a reasonable purchase price for six listed buildings and space for a new block of flats because the site owner's planning permission required housing rehabilitation before any space could be let in the offices they wanted to build. The HA, in consultation with sitting tenants and the Soho Society, decided that the community's gain of flats for 77 people represented conditions for a valid partnership with developers. If the commercial element is only workshops or shops and a friendly developer is not ready to hand, HAs are in effect penalized for persisting with inner-city work.

The DoE does not provide money for HA purchase of non-residential property. The Housing Corporation has a small sum of money which it uses to guarantee commercial purchases by HAs (which have no capital of their own). To encourage inner-city priorities, a greater guarantee-pool at the Housing Corporation combined with a smaller assumption of liability (now 100 per cent) would help. Without outside aid a HA can bring off a mixed-use development (part housing, part commercial), but only by the ulcer-inducing method of leasing off the commercial bits simultaneously with the purchase of the site. The Community Housing Association in London, which recently renovated six Covent Garden flats for the price the GLC quoted for fixing the roofs, has been soliciting institutional investment for the charitable parts of the properties it wants to buy, though pension funds and the like in the past have tended to go for drearier commercial propositions. In the long term, what's needed is a reliable coordination of workshop commercial and residential purchasing.

At the moment it takes an average of eight months for a fully designed and budgeted rehabilitation scheme to be approved for funding by the Housing Corporation. 'New build' schemes take longer and are served by a different set of officers. As the Housing Corporation expands its powers, the DoE has kept its own. A 'new build' scheme already designed to fit Parker Morris standards and the HA's own particular programme is subject to minute scrutiny by the local planning authority, the Housing Corporation and the DoE – each often going over exactly the same ground. Meanwhile the property owner waits for his money (luckily there's a slump on so he waits) the HA staff and consultants work without pay (luckily they're willing to speculate, and not a brick is moved. Amid such delays, the Housing Corporation's policy of paying only for successful projects encourages HA staff to go for predictably acceptable schemes in order to keep their job. Better judgment, greater speed, more constructive standards are necessary on the part of official bodies. It would be terrible

after all the achievement of a hundred years, and the promise of the last two years, the Housing Association movement were to end up merely as an eccentric cottage industry of outworkers for the insensible DoE.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

The Cloggies

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet *Sadler's Wells Northern Dance Theatre, Manchester*
Carte Blanche *Phoenix*

Proof, if proof were needed, of the enduring quality of Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée* was furnished by the way it still amused in the lacklustre and dispiriting performance given by the Royal Ballet's touring group on its first night under its cumbersome new name. ('Royal Sadler's Wells Ballet' might have sounded better, but would have broken the magic 'Royal Ballet' formula set up by charter; perhaps we can soon settle for good old 'Sadler's Wells Ballet' and 'Covent Garden Ballet', rejecting 'Royal' as an unnecessary and sometimes confusing bit of snobbery.) Desmond Kelly is a sympathetic actor but hasn't got the brash personality or the virtuoso technique for Colas. On this occasion he had a bad ankle; it was unfair to Kelly to make him dance, especially with no explanatory announcement, and unfair to the audience that the huge Royal Ballet could not find a fit replacement. David Ashmole had actually been allowed to go off and dance in the south of France, missing his scheduled debut with this company, a masterpiece of planning.

Glumness seemed to have infected the company, with the exception of Ronald Emblen's experienced and amusing Widow Simone. He was tempted to compensate by camping things up a bit too much. And it's a sure sign that something is wrong with *Fille* when the Widow's clog dance, however good, gets the biggest ovation. Perhaps the company were showing the strain of preparing the following night's Gala. They certainly made amends, displaying all their traditional vitality in *Les Patineurs* and *Pineapple Poll*. Dame Ninette de Valois set the right nostalgic tone in her opening speech, marking the return 'home' and the 25th anniversary of the death of Constant Lambert. Wayne Sleep was predictably cheeky and brilliant as the Blue Skater and unpredictably outrageous and successful as Captain Belaye. He is physically the antithesis of what Cranko wanted – no tall debonair dancer was available to replace the injured Michael Coleman – but his caricature of the role was so amusing and his dancing so rapid and full of panache that he made the ballet his own.

Five contrasted classical pas de deux and a 'modern' solo provided a suitable gala centrepiece. It was particularly good to see Donald MacLeary come out of premature retirement, looking so good and spinning

so rapidly in *Patineurs*. Alfreda Thorogood in such lovely form after her baby and her even more premature retirement, and Violette Verdy and Helgi Tomasson, hampered by lack of familiarity with the stage and the conductor, displaying marvels of technique, style and charm in Balanchine's *Sylvia pas de deux*. I am delighted that Verdy, a real ballerina, will be back with this company next year before she gives up dancing and takes over direction at the Paris Opera.

Later performances of *Fille* showed that the opening night was only a passing aberration. Among the new principals, David Morse was a young but effective Widow, Brian Bertscher a droll and convincing Alain, without quite enough pathos, and Marion Tait an efficient and pleasant Lise, without quite enough personality. The outstanding debuts were Margaret Barbieri as a delightful and magnetic Lise, though like the others she needs Ashton to restore some of the detail of the mime scene, and Carl Myers as a brash gamin of a Colas, not yet quite secure in the virtuoso passages but absolutely right in style and feeling.

Barbieri has long been, in practice if not in theory, the touring group's ballerina; she also excelled in Cranko's sentimental and touching *The Lady and the Fool*. Myers, who looks like finding himself in this company after being a bit lost at the Garden, had a very successful first go at the showy and difficult role of Signor Midas, and also in the contrasted but at least as difficult title-role of Balanchine's *Prodigal Son*. MacMillan's *Las Hermanas* made its full effect with a cast headed by Lynn Seymour, though that effect gets smaller each time one sees this melodramatic and choreographically uninventive work. MacMillan's *Concerto*, on the other hand, wears well, especially the slow movement, another Lynn Seymour speciality. It was good to see Brenda Last back in scintillating form in the first movement, but the company hasn't found anyone quite rapid and brilliant enough for the final section. Balanchine's *Four Temperaments* is one of his least accessible and most boring works, quite unsuitable for a touring group. It had good performances by Kelly and Bernd Berg and it may be good training for the ladies. Egon Madsen, Cranko's original Joker in *Card Game*, was a most welcome guest to remind us how funny this ballet can be. He was brilliant, restoring some lost touches, and the company rose to the occasion, the male ensemble dancing better than for a long time.

The problem of repertory for a small touring company is almost insuperable. Northern Dance Theatre, which is in transition between directors, got nowhere near a solution with its latest bitty programme of eight little works. The contributions by Simon Mottram, David Radford and Royston Maldoom are harmless but unmemorable – offerings of the kind normally seen at workshops. Prokofsky's *Fauré pas de deux* is more inventive and is now part of a longer ballet for his own company. Jonathan Thorpe's rather obvious romp for circus clowns is intended mainly for children's matinées, while Jack Carter's *Impromptu for Twelve* is unbearably coy in its efforts to be funny. Kurt Jooss's *The Big City* is a slight period piece: the evening contains no dramatic or emotional meat, and no

dance excitement. Some of the new dancers, especially the men, look promising. But Robert de Warren, the new director, will need all the help and inspiration he can get to give NDT a worthwhile repertory and image. It is slightly discouraging to know that the Board turned down two well-known candidates with successful experience of running touring companies in this country; let's hope they are right in thinking Warren can do better.

Benedict Nightingale suggested last week that critics aren't readily going to admit enjoying a sex show. Well, I enjoyed *Carte Blanche* considerably more than most of my colleagues seem to have done. The ballets and the mime scenes are among the best items, especially Salieri's bizarre Wagner parody with its male strip-tease in reverse and Peter Darrell's touching (in both senses) threesome – all the more erotic for being partly dressed. Robert Cohan's motorbike orgy isn't sufficiently original or sufficiently well synchronised with the film, but Robert North again shows his skill in co-ordinating dancers on stage with themselves on the screen. I was reminded at Sadler's Wells, however, that two pas de deux in Balanchine's 45-year-old *Prodigal Son* are almost as outrageous as anything in *Carte Blanche*.

Weekend Competition

No 2434

Set by Tim Hopkins

I.Q. tests, it's said, are free of all cultural bias. Perhaps we could see some teasers that had to be excluded for cultural reasons. By 29 October.

Result of No 2431

Set by Len the Unlucky

Incredibly Predictable Books: we wanted an addendum to our list of forthcoming publications.

Report

by The Lemon Kid

I put the lemon on *The Alien Porn* by Lord Longford, on *Off the Rails* by Richard Marsh, on *To Hell With the Lot of Them* by Richard Nixon. I mean, they wouldn't, would they? I put the lemon, in short, on all the listless entrants who mistook this comp for another (self-revelatory titles, incongruous linking of author and subject, 'shortest books', etc.). The answer, of course, was to take a) an over-productive writer, or b) an over-worked subject, or c) both, and extend the ludicrous possibilities from there. I've tried to be eclectic, though, and with typical good humour I grant the winners £1 per title.

A Romany Reading of 'Finnegans Wake' by Anthony Burgess

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

The index for January - June 1976 (Vol. 91) is now available, price 60p (£1.20) post free, from the publisher
10 Great Turnstile, WC1V 7HJ

Towards a Re-decoding of 'Finnegans Wake' by Harold Bloom

Here Comes Nobody: Ejaculatio Praecox in 'Finnegans Wake' by Lafayette Conklin

R. DEEMING

The Scarlet Sauna: A Guide to Oscar Wilde's London by H. Montgomery Hyde

Wilde Restored: The Naughty Bits by H. Montgomery Hyde

Where, How and Whom: A Wilde Manual by H. Montgomery Hyde

The Call of the Wilde by H. Montgomery Hyde

V. S. P. SIMPSON

The Bedside Bloomsbury Book by Gyles Brandreth

Branwell Woolf: A Question of Authorship by Winifred Gérin

A Brontë Thesaurus by Phyllis Bentley

RED SETTER

Words, Thought, Life, Meaning, Concretisation, Ahnung Sincerity, Authenticity, Nisus, Felicity, Fark, Monism, Freedom, Life, Pluralism, Thought and Words in 'St Mawr' by F. R. Leavis

Devaluation by F. R. Leavis.

BRUNO HOLBROOK

Lascelles Abercrombie and Considerable Embarrassment by Christopher Ricks

Ernest Dowson and Acute Embarrassment by Christopher Ricks

Shackerley Marmion and I Nearly Died by Christopher Ricks

HENRY TILNEY

Vile Bodies: A Catalogue of Murders Featuring Particularly Repulsive Interference with the Corpse by Colin Wilson

The Semiology of Satire, from Meno to Manson by Colin Wilson

The Phenomenology of Phrenology: A Rejustification in the Light of Elton John by Colin Wilson

ERIC HITCH

The Cornish Wreck by A. L. Rowse

Hilary and Vivian by Iris Murdoch

Gerbil by Ted Hughes

V. ROWSELL

Bull/Shit by Roland Barthes

The Great Drought of '76 by the Sunday Times Insight Team

The Great Flood of '76 by the Sunday Times Insight Team

MORAY MCGOWAN

W. H. Auden: The Collected Medium-Length Poems

Still Life at the Top by John Braine

The We Really Can't Think Up A Title For This One, Jeremy, But As Long As It's Got Monty Python In It Somewhere It'll Sell Like A Bomb Book

PADDY BEESLEY

Eeny-Meeny-Miny Spy by Len Deighton

One-Potato Two-Potato Three-Potato Spy by John Le Carré

G. GOATLEY

Prison: The First 100 Days by John Stonehouse

VICK BUTLER

Supertax by Shirley Conran

C. VITA-FINZI

Disraeli: What He Did To My Airport by Idi Amin

C. R. L. DE CHASSIRON



Tony Miles

Chess

No 3

Chess Olympiad

In a week's time the 22nd Chess Olympiad will begin in Haifa, Israel. Because of the escalating costs of staging such an event, the Olympiad will, on this occasion, be a 14 round Swiss system tournament, rather than the usual preliminary groups followed by all-play-all finals. For the first time the Soviet Union will not be competing. The Russians, who have monopolised the competition for the last 30 years, originally agreed to the choice of venue, but later withdrew because of it. They were duly followed by the rest of the Eastern bloc, thus making this Olympiad the weakest in recent times, but also more interesting than usual.

The new favourites must be the United States, West Germany and, if they take part, Yugoslavia, all of whom are able to field complete squads of six grandmasters. Apart from these there are no really outstanding sides, and the English team, the youngest and probably the

strongest ever, has a real chance of a medal.

Only six years ago the English Olympiad squad contained just one international master, Jonathan Penrose. Of the current side, in board order — myself, Keene, Hartston, Stean, Mestel and Nunn — only Jonathan Mestel is untitled, and he will surely not remain so for long. Even the reserves, Webb and Bellin, have obtained IM results. Indeed when one considers the performances of our players during the past few years even an English victory is a possibility.

This week's game comes from another recent English success, in Stockholm, where the winner of the game took first place with 8½/9, 2½ points ahead of the field.

White: A. J. Miles. Black: J. Eslon.

1. P-Q4, P-K3; 2. P-QB4, B-N6 ch; 3. N-Q2, P-KB4; 4. P-QR3, B x N ch; 5. Q x B, N-KB3; 6. P-KN3, O-O; 7. B-N2, P-Q3; 8. N-B3, P-QR4.

Better is 8. Q-K2 immediately.

9. P-N3, Q-K2; 10. B-N2, N-B3.

I prefer 10. . . . N-Q2 followed by . . . P-K4.

11. P-Q5. Opening the long diagonal for the black-squared bishop. 11. . . . N-Q1; 12. P x P, N x P; 13. O-O, B-Q2; 14. Q-B2, P-B5; 15. P-QN4, BP x P; 16. RP x P, Q-B2. Threatening a crude, but dangerous, assault by . . . N-N5 and . . . Q-R4.

17. P-B5!

Now if 17. . . . N-N5; 18. Q-B4!, Q-R4; 19. KR-Q1 threatening R-Q5 and black has no way to continue his attack. Also if 17. . . . QP x P; 18. N-K5 is strong. 17. . . . RP x P; 18. RP x P, R x R; 19. R x R; B-B3; 20. P x P, P x P; 21. R-Q1, B-K5; 22. Q-N3, N-K1; 23. B-KR3, B-B4.

If 23. . . . P-Q4; 24. B x N and N-N5.

24. B x B, Q x B; 25. B-Q4. Protecting KB2 and so freeing the N. 25. . . . K-R1; 26. B-K3, N-Q1. The black Ns are horribly restricted.

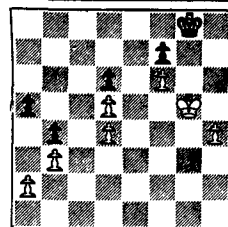
27. R-Q5, Q-Q2; 28. Q-Q3, N-KB2; 29. B-Q4, Q-K3. Losses but black could scarcely move.

30. R-KR5! P-R3.

Or 30. . . . N-R3; 31. N-N5, Q-B4; 32. R x N winning.

31. N-R4! K-N1; 32. N-N6, Resigns.

Problem 3: White to play but could find no way to exploit his extra two pawns and agreed a draw. Was he right? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN. Solution in two weeks.

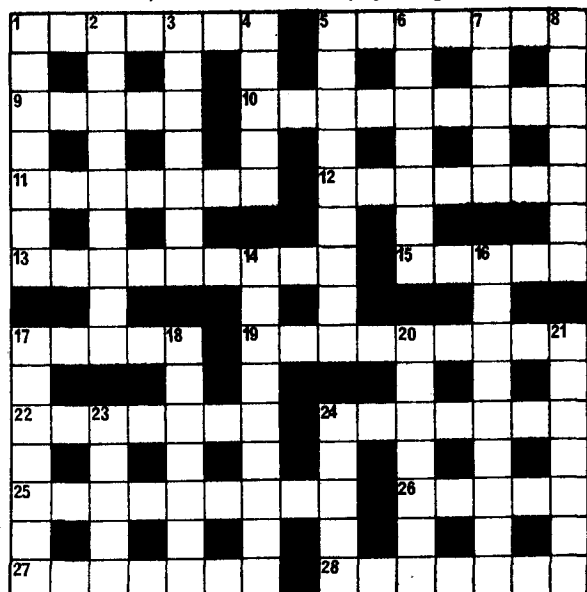


Solution to Problem 1

1. . . . R-Q7! and if 2. Q x B, Q x P ch; 3. K-R1, N-N6 ch; 4. K-R2, N-B8 ch; 5. K-R1, Q-R7 ch!; 6. N x Q, N-N6 mate; or 2. Q-K5, R x P ch!; 3. K x R, Q-R5; with a winning attack. The game Motacek v. Korcak concluded 4. R-K2, Q-N6 ch; 5. K-B1, Q x N ch; 6. K-K1, N-N6; 7. K-Q1, N-K5; Resigns.

Weekend Crossword 1186

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1186, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 26 October.



ACROSS

- Catch what is suitable in medicine (7).
- Finishing level although having victory in the trail (7).
- City is first, we hear (5).
- Where they retire when their game is off form (9).
- Help with homework is settled in advance (7).
- Kind to a learner in something which gets hard (7).
- Select cap wrongly for a showy performance (9).
- Irritable in a definite style (5).
- Available if one is not in the loo (2, 3).
- The villain is concerned with the head when about to steal (9).
- Part of London for which a passport was needed (7).
- Universal in a mother or lover (7).
- Mating with her turns into an unpleasant experience in bed (9).
- It's the wrong paint and it's not suitable (5).

- Beat a fellow with a line on a curve (7).
- Ray puts a source of heat in front of the wood (7).

DOWN

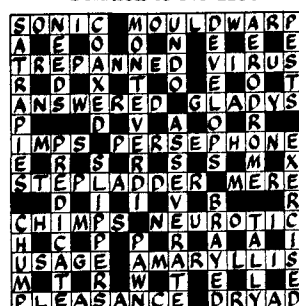
- Clap his being employed by rulers (7).
- Part of dinner taken bit by bit (9).
- Parvenu who is not down to begin (7).
- Possibly hoped for something to wear (5).
- A funny chap tried making it a ridiculous price (4, 5).
- People in a place to spend the night abroad require nourishment (7).
- Being angry I scold (5).
- 'Come into port —, or sail with God the seas' (Emerson) (7).
- Bird which consumes underground stem or insect (9).
- Unsatisfactory ending for weary spouse (9).
- Crest of highest bird (7).
- Something which grows when the list is revised (7).

- Behind the inn this welcome would be a novelty (7).
- Mistake consisting of maturer wrong (7).

- She is back in management (5).
- Declares a line to be pointless (5).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1184



Prizewinners to No 1184

Kenneth R. Shimeld (Belfast)
Harold Bowman (London W5)
Mrs P. M. Hardiman (Richmond)

APPOINTMENTS

ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND/ DETACHED YOUTH WORK PROJECT

EXPERIENCED PLAYLEADER

wanted for well established playground in a multi-racial, re-development, dockland area. The playground is well equipped, with a building, catering for 3-16 year olds.

To make up a team of five, workers responsible to a local residents management group. Permanent appointment. Help with removals. Salary £2,395 - to be reviewed Dec. A/f+full details from P.C.P.A., 84 Mendalgief Rd, Newport, Gwent.

Tel. 65171 or 211510.

ADVOCACY — CARDIFF

Young advocate, man or woman, ready to work with two partners engaged in magistrates and juvenile courts. Must be potential partnership material.

Commencing salary commensurate with local authority scales.

Reply in confidence. Box 5320.



UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN
Trinity College

LECTURER IN POLITICAL SCIENCE

Applications are invited for the above post from candidates with qualifications in political theory and/or political philosophy.

The starting salary will be between £3,321 and £3,698 on the scale £3,321 to £7,108.

In addition to salary, the College operates a non-contributory superannuation scheme and family allowances are also paid. Further particulars from:

The Staff Secretary,
West Theatre, Trinity College,
Dublin 2, Ireland.

who will receive applications up to Monday, 1 November 1976.

GMWU RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Require

ASSISTANT

(Statistics & Accounts)

There is a vacancy for an Assistant in the Research Department of the GMWU. Applicants should have a facility with figures and some knowledge of company accounts. A knowledge or experience of official statistics, industrial relations or computer programming would be helpful.

The job will consist of the provision of economic statistics, analysis of company accounts and of membership statistics, responsibility for a monthly 'Facts and Figures' Sheet, calculations on wages structures and other statistics for the use of National Industrial Officers and Regions of the union and the Research Department.

Salary: starting point £3,249 p.a.

Apply: L. Whitty, Research Officer,
Thorne House, Ruxley Ridge,
Claygate, Esher, Surrey KT10 0TL.

Youth Hostels Association (England & Wales)

Countryside and Education Officer

Applications are invited for this new post at YHA National Office, St Albans

Good educational background, some previous administrative experience, interest in young people and particularly a concern for the care of the environment are desirable qualifications. Salary in the range of £3,616-£4,234 with appropriate travel allowance.

Write for particulars and application form to National Secretary, YHA, Trevelyan House, St Albans, Herts, AL1 2DY.

Personal Secretary

Really super job for a good Audio Secretary with previous secretarial experience and a high standard of typing in the Press and Public Relations Department. For this interesting post, you will need a good educational background, administrative ability and a pleasant telephone manner.

Apart from the duties involving the correspondence and text for the British Library News, British Library Bulletin and press releases, you will attend at press receptions.

Four weeks' paid annual leave plus 9½ days public and privilege holidays. Salary scale from £2,802 to £3,438 per annum. Starting salary will depend upon the experience of the successful candidate.

Apply in writing to Mr. J. Gravatt The British Library, Sheraton House, Great Chapel St., London W1V 4BH.



The British Library

National Union of Bank Employees Assistant Secretaries

Applications are invited for two appointments. The successful applicant will play a leading role in negotiations on behalf of Clerical and Managerial staffs in the English Clearing Banks. Previous Trade Union negotiating experience and knowledge of Committee procedure will be a distinct advantage in respect of these important jobs.

The base will be Esher, Surrey, but the officials appointed will be required to attend meetings in Central London and to travel as necessary. Commencing salary £5,600 p.a.: 23 working days holiday per year with favourable conditions of service: motor car provided. Applications stating age, qualifications and full details of career to-date should be addressed to the

General Secretary, NUBE,
Sheffield House, Portsmouth Road, Esher, Surrey, KT10 9BH,
by 29 October, 1976.

The only solution?

Graduates! As a probation officer you could help to work out alternatives.

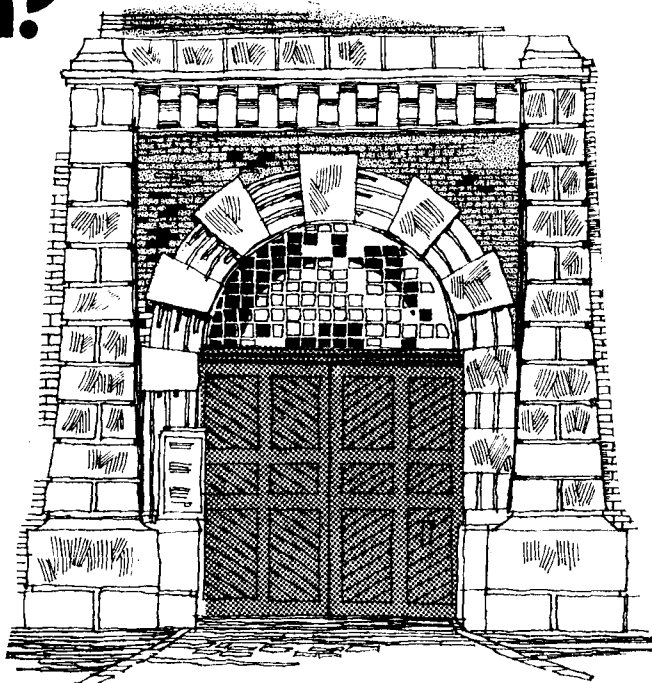
Is prison the best, or only, remedy society can offer for criminal behaviour? What other workable alternatives are there? For graduates making their careers in the Probation and After-Care Service these questions are no longer theoretical or academic. They are the questions of everyday working life; questions which call for human solutions — and the insight, techniques, tenacity to make them work.

How do you start? Normally through sponsorship as a trainee probation officer on a course of professional training recognised by the Central Council for Education and Training in Social Work which leads to the Council's Certificate of Qualification in Social Work. Courses for men and women graduates last between one and two years depending on your degree subject.

Salary and prospects Graduate trainees are paid at present a salary of at least £2127 which rises after training to £2853 and then, on promotion, to £4842 and above. Highest grades earn up to £9609. A supplement of £312 is payable on all salaries up to £8188. Probation officers in the London area receive additional remuneration.

'The Probation and After-Care Service in a Changing Society' To obtain a copy of our new booklet get in touch with your local Chief Probation Officer (you'll find the address and telephone number in the telephone book), or send your name and address on a postcard to the Home Office, Probation and After-Care Department (G W1), Room 446, Romney House, Marsham Street, London, SW1P 3DY.

Probation and after-care service



READVERTISEMENT

ROSSIE SCHOOL, MONTROSE

Applications are invited for the post of
HEAD

of this List 'D' School for Senior boys, aged 14 years and over, which will fall vacant on 1 April 1977. The school has accommodation for 90 boys and also has a closed unit for 35 boys. Applicants should be qualified teachers or social workers, and should have had appropriate experience of the residential care of difficult children

Good administrative experience is essential. Salary is in the range of £6,843 to £9,852 with placing according to qualifications and experience. A four bedroom house is available at a charge, presently, of £20.93 monthly (inclusive of rent and rates) and the successful applicant will be expected to occupy it. Applicants should give full personal details including information regarding degrees and diplomas obtained, and details of posts held, all with dates. Also included should be the names and addresses of two referees. Completed applications should be sent to the Official Correspondent, Rossie School, Montrose, Angus DD10 9TW to reach him by 3 November 1976. Intending applicants may visit the school by appointment with the present Headmaster.

Candidates who previously applied for this post need not re-apply.

INTERESTED IN ARCHITECTURE, Planning, Politics, The Environment? The Architects' Journal needs an Assistant News Editor to help prepare its weekly analysis of events for the profession. Previous experience of journalism is not essential: just a lively, inquiring mind and a clear prose style. Further details from the Editor, The Architects' Journal, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1H 9BY.

BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE
PROGRAMME OFFICER

This new post has been created at the National Film Theatre. Primary responsibilities will be to organise lectures, seminars and long range seasons at the NFT, including plans for repertory cinema, and to handle basic editing of the programme booklet.

Candidates require a solid background in film history and contemporary cinema, be able to write with clarity and speed, and be willing to work irregular hours, including occasional weekends and evenings. Editorial experience would be helpful. A key requirement is a willingness to undertake responsibilities in many aspects of the NFT Programme section's work.

Salary £4,600+.

Further details and application forms for return by 29 October 1976 from Personnel Department, 81 Dean Street, London W1V 6AA. Phone: 01-437 4355.

LONDON

ASSISTANT CLUB LEADER

with the PM Club situated in Central London

This club offers residential and leisure facilities for young men in the catering industry.

Applicants must have previous experience in Youth Work; be able to organise and initiate an extensive programme. Residential duties also involved.

Opportunity for further training. JNC conditions apply.

Further details and application form from:

Director, P.M. Club, 1 Barkston Gardens, London SW5.
Tel. 01-373 2260.

LONDON NW3 area. Required for January 1977, an experienced, graduate teacher (Science). Burnham scale, superannuation. Please apply in writing to Box 5432.

INNER LONDON EDUCATION
AUTHORITY

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

We need someone who can accurately sub-edit an unpredictable variety of educational typescripts and who can either do, or learn, picture research. Some typing would be a help, as would the ability to work well with a number of teacher-editors and teacher-writers. Applicants should be able to organise their own work without constant supervision.

Salary within the scale £3,190-£4,234 (ST.1) inclusive.

Application forms from the Education Officer (EO/Estab 2a/2), Addington St Annexe, County Hall, SE1 7PB (Telephone 633 7456)

Closing date for completed forms 29 October 1976.

ILEA LEARNING MATERIALS
SERVICE
PUBLISHING CENTRE,
HIGHBURY STATION ROAD,
ISLINGTON N1 1SB.

BUSINESS CAREERS: Discuss matters with a trained interviewer. Call and discover the surprisingly wide range of career opportunities in Central London. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, WC2. 836 6644.

AGE CONCERN LEWISHAM requires a Community worker to help elderly people to meet each other, to form active neighbourhood self-help groups, and to find a new role in the wider community. Long term aims are to help the elderly, supported by the community groups, to change social attitudes to the retired and to seek an improved quality of life. Opportunities for developing community projects in an organisation offering a wide range of services, working in close co-operation with a network of active voluntary organisations and a forward looking Local Authority. Hours 36 per week, salary £3,234-£3,594 plus £285 London Weighting. Closing date 29 October 1976. Please apply to Age Concern Lewisham, 20 Brownhill Road, Catford, SE6 (telephone 690 4343, Extension 298).

DEVELOPMENT AGENCY

requires

PLANNER FOR ITS CHILE
SECTION

The World University Service is looking for someone to join a young team running a scholarship programme for refugee students and academics from Chile. Applicants should be numerate and have administrative and planning experience. It is also desirable that they be Spanish speakers.

Knowledge of or interest in Latin America, development issues and Education is essential, as is commitment to the work. Salary negotiable. Applications close Friday, 29 October.

Inquiries to Helen Hockenhull, World University Service, 260 High Road, London N15.
Telephone 01-808 5341.

PEP PROPOSES TO APPOINT a Researcher to join a small international group undertaking a study of British and German trade unions in terms of their approach to the use of manpower. The appointment will be for one and a half years starting in December 1976. At least three years applied research experience, preferably in a field connected with industrial relations, good academic qualifications and the ability to conduct interviews are necessary. Applications to Mrs A. Eccles, PEP, 12 Upper Belgrave Street, London SW1 enclosing a curriculum vitae & names of 2 referees by 25 October.

LONDON NW3: The Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, London NW3. Required for January 1977 an experienced, preferably Froebel-trained teacher for 7-9 year olds. Burnham scale, superannuation. Please apply, in writing, to Dr Paul at above address.

RETURNED VOLUNTEER ACTION wants an Admin Officer to work as part of a three-person team. Duties include office administration, fund raising and publicity. Experience of development / community action an advantage, commitment to social change essential. Dateline for applications 31 October. Further details about RVA and post, contact RVA, 1c Cambridge Terrace, Regents Park, NW1 4JL. Tel: 01-935 9447.

CREATIVE ASSISTANCE re-writing disorderly MSS required. History/Social Science interest, former teacher ideal. Box 5537. **AU-PAIRS,** domestics, hotel staff, Spain and EEC. S.a.e. Alpha Ltd, Armadale, Howwood, Renfrewshire.

CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION AND TRAINING IN SOCIAL WORK

social work

... training is a must if you plan to help!

Universities and colleges offering professional qualifying courses for work in the social services are now considering applications for the autumn of 1977.

For those wanting to qualify in all settings and services the appropriate courses lead to the Certificate of Qualification in Social Work (CQSW) awarded by the Central Council for Education and Training in Social Work (CCETSW).

Some courses are specifically designed for students over the age of 30.

Study for Residential and Day Services

Many CQSW courses now include study and

practice in residential and day centre work. Other courses in residential work only are available (NOTE: jobs in residential homes do not necessarily involve living in). Those wishing to qualify as teachers/instructors of mentally handicapped adults can study for the Diploma in the Training and Further Education of Mentally Handicapped Adults awarded by CCETSW.

How to apply

Most universities and colleges have arranged for applications to be handled by a clearing house system, which saves you applying to courses individually. For a list of all courses as well as for information about grant aid and the application procedure, fill in the form below.

CCETSW Information Service (Dept 600) 26 Bloomsbury Way London WC1A 2SR

CCETSW

Please send me information about courses of training for work in the social services. I enclose a stamped addressed envelope of at least 10" x 7".

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

I have a degree/am studying for a degree..... ☐ Tick
I hope to study for a degree..... ☐ the
I do not have a degree..... ☐ relevant
I am interested in residential work..... ☐ box:
I am interested in work with
mentally handicapped adults..... ☐ STA

TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL WORK through Covent Garden Bureau, offers the best scope to the London Secretary/Typist. Join us now. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4, 01-353 7686.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

COLLEGE LEAVER Secretaries preferring Social Services, Charities and The Arts in general will prefer to find their first post through the College Leaver Specialist at Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, London EC4, 01-353 7686.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's), 493 3005.

Appointments Wanted

POSITION SOUGHT as secretarial/clerical/researcher to one or more MPs by competent, educated (Ruskin) woman. Full or part-time, mobile, good organiser, adaptable. Money less material than job-interest. Box 5490.

PLEASANT, WELL-EDUCATED, mature woman offers services as assistant to someone too busy or too incapacitated to do everything. Correspondence, research, cooking, driving both here & abroad. Please write to Box 5461.

GRADUATE, f., 27, urgently seeks part-time work as research assistant or something similar, London. 01-254 7675.

Accommodation Vacant

CHELSEA, 5g1e sunny bed-sit, all mod. cons. £9.50 p.w. Tel. 352 7552.

FREE BED-SIT. offered Hampstead Gdn Suburb in return light household duties including some evening cooking in home of retired university teacher (f. historian). Owner driver pref. 01-455 2082.

VISITING ACADEMICS. We have a large selection of flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & London University. Helen Watson & Co. 636 5538.

Distressed by hotel prices in London?

The Sloane Club, whose origins go back to 1922, is now able to accept a limited number of applications for membership.

Members are provided with a bedroom and Continental breakfast for £6.48. Lunch and Dinner: £1.75.

In addition The Sloane Room, Bar, Library, quiet rooms and 24 hours portage are all that you would expect from a London club.

Details of membership for both Ladies and Gentlemen can be obtained by writing to the Club Secretary, quoting reference: NS6



52 Lower Sloane Street, London SW1W 8BS

Accommodation Wanted

MALE POSTGRAD., ex-lect, sometime writer sks shared accom. Inner London. Box 5530.

TWO GRADUATES need flat or house share. minimum 2 rooms. North/Central London. Tel. 388 3419.

HELEN WATSON & CO. require flats for visiting academics. 637 4863.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £50-£20,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

Properties

COTSWOLDS HEYTHROP HUNT

Fine period house in charming village. Three reception rooms, five bedrooms, two bathrooms, plus two wings of three flats, five-roomed bungalow and grounds, stabling for nine horses, two garages, tennis court, paddock, one building plot. Delightful gardens, in all about 7 acres.

Excellent communications to all parts, on main line railway. London within 75 miles. Ideal for entertaining, conversion, retirement.

Freehold £68,500. Contents also available. Apply: Owner, Mr W. Swindon Tel. No: 01-930 1700

BARGAIN HOUSE in Brixton: 5 bedrooms, 26ft recep. room, kit.-diner, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Small garden. £16,850 or offer. Please ring 622 2259 after 3 p.m.

Removals

TAXIMOVS FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS. all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

GENTLE GHOST

REMOVALS COOPERATIVE

Fast, cheap & reliable
All sizes

603 2865/602 3719
33 Norland Rd, London W11.

Holidays

LANZAROTE CANARY ISLANDS

For Winter Sunshine

Luxury villas with private pools or inexpensive beachside apartments. Taverna in unsophisticated fishing village. All inclusive air holidays from Gatwick.

Details from: Lanzarote Villas, Oastside, Cudham, Sevenoaks, Kent, Tel. Biggin Hill 73528. (ATOL 803 B).

School

THE NEW SCHOOL. King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School. 5-18 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Personal

COMMUNE

Group wanting to buy a country estate to set up a Commune-cum-Conference Centre, want to meet other interested people. Interests: wanting to live in a larger social unit; environmental issues; alternative technology; community involvement; women's lib and alternative education. Most of us are lecturers or teachers. Capital or earning power required. Box 5532.

PIED-A-TERRER facility (Hampstead) offered by businessman to similar. 01-542 5963.

RESEARCH STUDENT. writing doctoral thesis, requires information on recent migration of Russian Jews, and wishes to hear from any immigrants who can help with background information and their experiences. Material will be treated as confidential if requested. Replies to Peter Green, c/o Box NS 424 Hanway House, 5 Clark's Place, Bishopsgate, London EC2N 4BJ.

SECOND GIRL. 23+, share flat W11. Own room, £7.50 p.w. Ring 229 4970 evenings.

HERETIC CARDS (anti-Xmas). S.a.e. details or £1 range. BS, 6 Stanstead Grove, SE6.

POETS. your own magazine! 'Poetry for All', Braeside, Kenardington, Ashford, Kent.

ARE YOU A LEFTISH INDIVIDUALIST? Come and enjoy yourself in the Progressive League with others like you. Discussions on controversial topics, weekend conferences; social activities. For details send s.a.e. to the Secretary (NS9) Progressive League, Albion Cottage, Fortis Green, London N2.

VISION CORRECTED. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates practitioner, Michael Ronan, 39 Smith Street, London SW3. 935 9847.

SLEEP - GLORIOUS SLEEP with Kifa Ear Plugs 75p pkt incl. p & p. Swedmed, 15 Church St, Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 8DE.

DEVELOP CONFIDENCE/overcome depression/tension, etc. Psychotherapist P. Millin has helped many people. (01) 800 4045.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

BODYMIND METHODS (Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciprocal (reciprocal non-professional support)) can be integrated. To find out how, inquire Reciprocal, 10 Steeles Mews South, NW3.

PSYCHOTHERAPY? Come to AGIP for individual or group sessions. Write to the Secretary, 29 St Mark's Crescent, NW1.

NOT ANOTHER PAGAN nor a dotting churchmouse, but a man or woman who would realistically serve Christ and his Church? Contact (Lutheran organisation) J.A.C.O.B. Box 5487.

KIRI TE KANAWA Covent Garden concert 17 Oct. Have spare ticket (£5.50). seek friendly companion m. Am 50, f. 278 4028.

ARE YOU AN INTELLIGENT MAN, sixtyish, looking for a committed relationship with a feminine prof. woman? I live in London. My interests include left politics, music, table-tennis, home-making. Box 5421.

HIGHLY DISCIPLINED GIRL (London/Surrey), with severe views on her place in contemporary life, seeks male with similar outlook. Box 5545.

BUSINESSMAN, late fifties, seeks agreeable female companion for outings, holidays. NW London. Box 5491.

YORKS. Woman, literate, left-wing. (Jewish) wants man 50s for friendship. Box 5365.

SOUGHT: Cultured gentleman as good friend, travelling companion for attractive, travelled, extrovert widow, fifties. London. Individual expenses. Box 5504.

GENUINELY ATTRACTIVE, mature f. London/Kent borders. Good figure, warm personality, agnostic, leftish, comf. home. Seeks compatible m. companion, reasonably intelligent, financially sound, car owner, 60ish. Box 5507.

LADY (37) attractive, well-educated (post-grad), professional, divorced, London-based would like to meet an unattached man with great zest for life, talkative, warm, humorous, wide interests. Box 5521.

WIDOWER, 50s, London, Continental origin, car owner, wide ints, seeks friendship with attractive lady. 40/50. Box 5520.

OXFORDSHIRE. Is there a grad. in his 50s who would like to meet female counterpart, div., teacher, fond of walking, ints: conservation projects, history, poetry, theatre. No commitment expected. Box 5522.

INTELLIGENT f., 40, seeks m. counterpart with sense of humour, Oxford area. Ints incl theatre, music, countryside. Box 5532.

IS THERE ANY young unattached male (aged between 30-40) with theatrical/literary connections who would like to help a young lady, single and 31, in distress? The young lady in question is seeking the advice and companionship of a warm, sensitive, fun-loving actor/writer. Her family and friends say she should broaden her horizons and if you feel that you would like to help in this exercise, perhaps you would get in touch with her. Box 5533.

ARTISTIC LADY, 50s, French, living abroad (USA), seeks same any age. Object: friendship. In England Spring 1977. Box 5514.

WIDOW, early 50s, blonde, attractive, good figure, warm-hearted, open minded, London flat, wishes to meet tall, educated gentleman for uncomplicated friendship. Box 5538.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (Asian), with London house, care wishes to meet attractive, mature female. Box 5550.

ARE YOU SINCERE, kind, well-educated, unattached, m., 45-55, who genuinely wishes for friendship with similar f? London preferred. Box 5549.

A FLASK OF WINE, A BOOK OF VERSE, and no-one to share 'em? Well, don't just sit there! Contact 'Status', the premier and reputable intro service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs.)

SHAPELY SOULMATE SOUGHT, sort of (I should be so lucky), well south of Watford Gap. Verbally flexy, spiritually-aware, music-loving litterateur, sans/mit kinder. Box 5554.

BUSINESSMAN, 39 yrs, 6 ft. would like to meet a sympathetic, intelligent girl taller than him. Box 5540.

WIDOW, mid-50s, 5'4", not unattractive, would like to meet gentleman to share her 'zest for living', i.e. travel, theatre, music, good food & wine. Box 5539.

WANTED: a nice gentleman, over 40, to add a third dimension to my life. The other two being two children 11 & 12, and my p.t. teaching. Interests the arts. Box 5492.

UNIQUE SOCIAL CLUB. Make friends with really interesting people. Members include doctors, air hostesses, nurses, etc. Details s.a.e.: N33, Sheringham Avenue, N.14.

HEATHER JENNER—MARRIAGE BUREAU The only Bureau to have representatives throughout the country. Send s.a.e. to Main Office, 124 New Bond Street, London W1. 01-629 9634. Interviews free.

MARRIAGE & ADVICE BUREAU, Katharina Allen (ex-Welfare Officer Ministry of Labour, War Office, Foreign Office). Personal introductions. 7 Seelie Pl., W1. 499 2556.

FRIENDSHIP MARRIAGE CENTRE caters for educated people, all ages, nationwide. Est. 10 yrs. Confidential details to: M/C, 74m Amhurst Park, London N16.

JOAN REMICK Marriage and Friendship Bureau. A unique personal service. 155 Knightsbridge, London SW1. 589 7567.

PENFRIENDS IN AMERICA. Send age, interests. Free reply. Currents, Box 759-N, Radiocity Station, NYC 10019, USA.

THE LONELINESS PROBLEM is worse for better-educated people: there are fewer of us; our standards are higher; contact is more difficult. Send 10p for news of a solution to Tally c/o Mailroom, 32 Newman Street, London W1P 3PE.

DUREX. Latest Continental, Japanese and American brands at discount prices. Send for details of free dozen offer. Premier, 11/46 Black Lion St, Brighton BN1 1PJ.

CONTRACEPTIVES INTERNATIONAL

72 DUREX Gossamer	£3.75
48 DUREX Unison	£2.40
36 NUFORM/FETHERLITE	£2.50
12 AEGIS Black Geronimo	£1.25
12 GOLD KNIGHT	£1.25
10 DUTCH FUN	£1.80
12 U.S.A. Stimula	£1.75
INTERNATIONAL Selection	£2.50
Warwick Supplies (NES), Commerce House, Water Orton, Birmingham. B46 1RR Return AD when ordering for FREE Samples worth 50p!!	
MARITAL AIDS CATALOGUE 20p	

Student Notice Board

THE CYRENIANS require people who feel able to live creatively on a subsistence wage with single, homeless people to develop their own independent households. Contact: Jane Hoad, The Cyrenians Ltd, 13 Wincheap, Canterbury, Kent. Tel: 0227 51641/2/3.

STUDENTS come in all varieties as do their accommodation needs. All offers of single rooms, double rooms, flats, houses, etc., very welcome. Ring London University 405-7686 ext: 468.

ANTI BLOOD SPORTS? Why not form your own anti fox-hunting group? Full details: Hunt Saboteurs Association, P.O. Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent.

BRITISH BUDDHIST ASSOCIATION. For full details of our activities 'phone 01-242 5538 office hours.

UNUSUAL PEN FRIENDS excitingly different, highly personal dept. & married couples dept. Monthly Journal. Free brochure, S.a.e. (SNX) Bureau des Amies, PO Box 54, Rugby, Warks.

GAY SWITCHBOARD

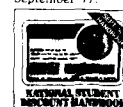
01-837 7324

information and help service for homosexual women/men. 24 hr. service. 7 days a week.

ISRAEL KIBBUTZ schemes. For details send s.a.e. to Project 67 (NS), 21 Little Russell Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 3506.

THIS IS THE SIGN OF THE NUS GRANT STRETCHER - THE NATIONAL STUDENT DISCOUNT SCHEME

It has been developed exclusively for NUS members and it saves students an average of 10% at 11,000 outlets - shops, restaurants, cinemas, services etc throughout the country. The scheme is incorporated in a 400 page handbook and personal identity card and saves you money through to the end of September '77.



The card and handbook are sold together and cost £2. They're available now from all Endleigh Insurance and NUS Travel shops and many student unions. Or send an S.A.E. to National Student Discount Scheme, P.O. Box 190, London WC1 for an application form with all the details by return of post.

SUPPORT THE POST OFFICE

Contribute to the Post Office's viability by taking out a subscription to the New Statesman. Nationalised Industries deserve your custom. So do we.

A one-year student sub in the U.K. costs a mere £8 (multiply the cover price by 52 to see how cheap that is). You could try it for six-months for a ridiculous £4.

If you want to save some money complete the form below (or use your own paper) and send it with your remittance to:

Kingsley Canham, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ

Name

Address

Student at Dept. Final Year.....

NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 92 No. 2378

Contents

- 498 James Fenton: Shirley Risks Her Shirt
 499 Wilfred Beckerman: Bad Medicines for Recovery
 500 Roger Woddis: Don't Call Us
 501 John P. Mackintosh: Low Road to Scotland
 502 Murray Sayle: Quick Red Foxbat
 504 Michael Hope: Taken Over by Slater Walker
 506 David Leitch: Last of the Filtered Wine
 507 Donald Gould: Peter Pan Potions
 508 Profile of Reg Prentice
 509 Jeremy Bentham: The Law as Defendant
 510 Paul Johnson: American Diary
 511 Malcolm Bowden: The Essex Safety Valve
 512 Arthur Marshall: Crystall Balls
 513 Letters to the Editor
- Books and Arts**
 515 Neal Ascherson: From Marx to Trotsky
 518 Naomi Lewis: Arthur Ransome
- Other reviews by James Fenton, Eric Korn, Vieda Skultans, Blair Worden, Bruce Page, Julian Barnes**
 523 Benedict Nightingale: Theatre
 523 Craig Raine: Radio
 524 John Sturrock: Television
 525 John Coleman: Films
 526 Nathan Silver & Helen McNeil: Architecture
 527 Oleg Kerensky: Ballet
 527 Weekend Competition
 528 Chess and Crossword
 Poems by John Mole and Andrew Motion

Theatres

ALMOST FREE THEATRE, 9 Rupert Street, W1, 01-485 6224. Opening 25 Oct. 'A-A-America' (two new plays) by Edward Bond. In repertoire 1.15 daily.
HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. 'Clouds', Michael Frayn's excellent new play 'poignantly & unerringly funny' Gdn. Nightly 8. Sats. 5 & 8.
IPSWICH THEATRE, 0473 53725. G. B. Shaw's 'The Devil's Disciple', 21 Oct.-6 Nov.

FABIAN SOCIETY

Join the Labour Party's ideas group and receive our pamphlet each month plus the opportunity of discussing and developing policies for the movement.

To: Dianne Hayter, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London SW1. Please send details about the Society.

Name
 Address
 NS45

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

70p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
 Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.00
 Send copy to arrive Tuesday a.m. or telephone 01-405 8471
 NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

LYTELTON (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Tonight & Wed. 7.45, Tomorrow & Thurs. 2.30 & 7.45 'Jumpers' by Tom Stoppard. Mon. & Tues. 7.45 'Blithe Spirit'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of performance from 8.30 a.m. Car park open evening performance.

OLIVIER (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Tonight 7.30, tomorrow 2.15 & 7.30 'Playboy of the Western World' by J. M. Synge. Wed. & Thurs. at 7.30 'Il Campiello'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf. from 8.30 a.m. Car park open eve. perfs.

ROYAL COURT, 730 1745. Evens. 8. Sats. 5 & 8.30 'Mothers' Day' a comedy by David Storey.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR, 95 61107. Opens Tuesday 'Arsenic and Old Lace' by Joseph Kesselring, with Barbara Mullen, Mary Kerridge & Francis Matthews.

UNITY THEATRE, 1 Goldington Cres. Office open Mon. & Wed. 10-1. Tel. 722 9089.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB, To 16 Oct. Jean Genet's 'The Balcony', 20-23 Oct. Christopher Hampton's 'The Philanthropist'. Dets: RADA, 62 Gower St, WC1. 637 7076.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334

'Worth queuing for from breakfast time' Financial Times.

TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN

Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00 & 9.15.

Exhibition

L. S. LOWRY. Original lithographs, his only graphic work 2.15 plus VAT. Ganymed, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836.

Meetings

THE CITY UNIVERSITY

St John Street, London EC1

GRESHAM LECTURES IN DIVINITY

Fridays at 1 p.m., 22, 29 October and 5 November 1976, Room U2.14

Three one hour lectures at the University by Viscount Combermere entitled 'Aspects of Early Buddhist Religious & Philosophical Thought'

Admission free — open to the public.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 19 Oct. 'The Bulgarian Horrors, 1876' by Mr A. J. P. Taylor; 21 Oct. 'Sex and Symmetry' by Dr Ursula Mittwoch.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON Gower St, WC1E 6BT. The Freud Memorial Lectures in Psychoanalysis by Professor William Gillespie, 'The Legacy of Sigmund Freud' Monday 25 October at 5.30. Admission free, without ticket.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PHILOSOPHY lectures on Human Values will be held at 14 Gordon Square, WC1, on Fridays at 5.45 p.m. The first lecture on 22 October will be given by Professor Bernard Williams FBA. Particulars may be obtained from the secretary at the above address.

'THE PRICE OF PEACE' by Jan Melichan of the Peace Pledge Union, at London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terr., W8. Sunday 17 October 7.30 p.m.

AFRICA CENTRE: 'Boesman and Lena'. Film based on play by Athol Fugard, on deprivation and abuse in apartheid S. Africa, and resilience of two of its rejects. Tuesday 19 October 6.30 p.m. Adm: 70p. Studs: 40p. 'African Leaders: Samora Machel'. Talk by Polly Gator, of the Angola Solidarity Committee, on life and policies of the President of Mozambique. Wed. 20 Oct. 6.30 p.m. Adm: 40p. Studs: 25p. 38 King Street, WC2. 836 1973.

FABIAN SOCIETY — Progressive League, Conference, 5-7 Nov. Hoddeston, Herts. 'A New Look at Social Reform' Speakers: Joan Lester MP, Enid Westrich, G.L.C. Colin Beeves, James Hemmings. Members £11, others £12. Details from Mr K. Dobbie, 162 Gunnersbury Avenue, London W3 8LB.

BRITAIN TODAY AND TOMORROW. Public meeting organised by Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist) in Basildon, Essex. Friday 15 October, 7.30 p.m. at 'Bull's Eye' public house, Town Centre, Basildon. Main speaker: Reg Birch, Chairman, CPBML.

JEAN RIPERT, Commissaire Général au Plan, will give a lecture on 'Le Plan français' on Thursday 21 October at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London SW7. Tel: 01-589 6211 ext 38. Admission free.

SOWETO. WHAT NEXT? Speakers: Joyce Sikakane, Alex La Guma, ex-prisoners. North Finchley Library, Ravensdale Rd, N12. 21 October 8 p.m. Barnet Anti-Apartheid Movement.

'THE TRANSKEI — open for business!' A discussion of its prospects, with Chris Van der Walt, Director of Information South Africa House and Colin Legum, The Observer. Thursday 21 Oct. 6.30 p.m. Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Avenue, WC2.

'SCIENCE & MAGIC in 17th century England' by Dr Christopher Hill. Tues. 19 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Physics Theatre, Univ. Coll., Gower Place, WC1. Adm. free. A Bernal Peace Library Lecture.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 16 Oct. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 19 Oct. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. All welc. Send s.a.e. for full prog.

THEOSOPHY. Simple talks for enquirers: Sunday 17 Oct. 8 p.m. 'What Theosophy Explains'. S.a.e.: free pamphlet, book list. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

For greater

HUMANITY EFFICIENCY ECONOMY

Support FRAME'S positive work in supplying vital information on replacement techniques and persuading scientists to use 'alternatives' instead of animals in experiments.

Further details from:

FRAME

(Fund for the Replacement of Animals in Medical Experiments) 312a Worple Road, London SW20 8QU (01-946 1450)

Secretarial

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcription from Grundig tapes & Philips 86 cassettes. Scotts, 80 Queensway, London W2, 01-727 5828.

Books & Publications

THE LEVELLER — the new independent socialist monthly — first issue out now. Contents include: The rise of the ultra-right: how big is the threat?; Hull Prison rising: the inside story; Who planted the Birmingham bombs?; Why Syria is in Lebanon; Trevor Griffiths on TV political drama; What's wrong with Private Eye magazine... and plenty more. Price 35p., annual subscription £5. Available now from all left and main bookshops, or from 155a Drummond St. London NW1.

BOOK FAIR. Meet 15 Provincial Book-sellers at the Kenilworth Hotel, Great Russell St., WC1. 18-19 Oct. Mon. 12-8. Tues. 10-3.30. Thousands of O/P and antiquarian books for sale.

WORLD HISTORY. Books bought & catalogues issued on most areas. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

PETER COXON Literary/Academic. London: 584 0198. 876 5306. Export/Mail Order Dept. Pockocks, Hawkey, Liss, Hants.

MANUSCRIPTS etc. typed and/or translated rapidly, reasonably. Translitor, 794 3941. **QUALITY** typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617. **TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3)**. Intelligent accurate, fast. Books/theses. 267 0673.

RAINBOW OFFICE SERVICES for efficient typing and duplicating. Collection and delivery by arrangement. Phone 460 3430.

Courses

THE POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON

Cultural and Community Studies Unit

UNEMPLOYMENT: ITS CAUSES AND EFFECTS

6/7 November 1976

Sessions on: An Economic Analysis of Unemployment, Medical and Social Effects, National Unemployment Workers' Movement of the Thirties (illustrated with slides and tapes), Workers' Attitudes to Unemployment (introduced by Bernard Dix, Assistant General Secretary of NUPE).

Enrolment/further details from: Short Course Unit, 309 Regent Street, London W1. Tel: 580-2020 ext 221.

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or tel 0865-54231 (24 hrs.).

BUDDHISM

A free introductory meeting to our new short courses this Sunday 4 p.m. at:

The Friends Meeting House, 120 Heath Street NW3.

Or write or phone for details to:

BRITISH BUDDHIST ASSN. 8 Hatton Gdn, London EC1 01-242 5538 (office hrs).

Restaurant

T. A. LAYTON WINE BAR, 12 Esterbrooke Street (off Vincent Square), SW1. 828 5211.

Time Out

Second Short Story Competition

- 1) Theme: open except writer should bear in mind that the story should be thematically suitable for publication in Time Out, and must be fiction.
- 2) Length: maximum 3,500 words.
- 3) Award: £150 and publication in the Christmas issue of Time Out.
- 4) Conditions: anyone except Time Out employees and their families may enter; submissions should be typed double-spaced and will be returned only if a self-addressed and stamped envelope is provided; stories must not have been previously published.
- 5) No award will be made if in the opinion of the judges no story is acceptable.
- 6) Address entries to Short Stories, Time Out, 374 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8BB; envelopes must be postmarked no later than 1 December, 1976.